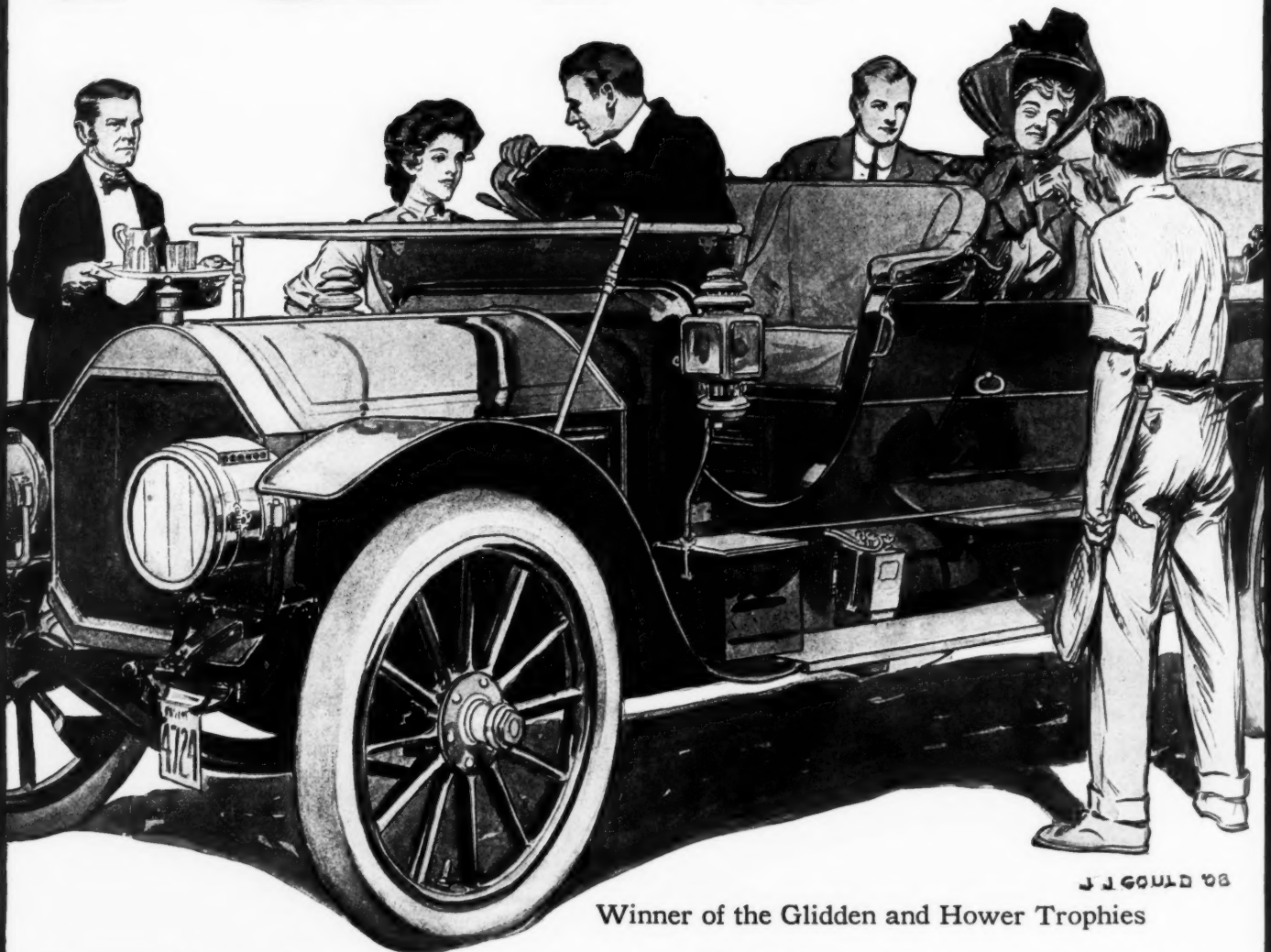


LIFE



The Pierce Arrow



Winner of the Glidden and Hower Trophies

The season of 1909 will see the mechanical excellence of the PIERCE cars produced in a greater variety of types.

The new models
include

{ RUNABOUTS
(4 and 6 cylinder)
TOURING CARS
(for 2, 3, 4, 5 or 7 passengers)

BROUGHAMS
LANDAULETTES

SUBURBANS
LANDAUS

They can be seen at and prices obtained of the PIERCE ARROW dealers in every large city.
THE GEORGE N. PIERCE CO. (Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers) BUFFALO, N. Y.

The tw
the opini
New Yo
to plutoc
Post. O
"the citi
in the S
pellant
nothing
els." Un
are such
sanctums
and there
serious, v
outside o
ion of on
that subj
occasiona
or the E
underlyin
of its or
have men
interests
spiration
is always
for chang
country.
either in
Once in a
of reform
plutocrati
but in the
and for
corporatio
wealth th
eventually
Reedy in

A theat
country v
town, not
basket, af
the New
One ev
basket, b
opera hou
the basket
dozen egg
"Hey!"
Where you
"None
for an' re
"Well,
here," saic
the reason
laughter.
He left
office and
the show.
the eggs to
"I was
basket wh
panion.

At a din
kingdom o
diplomat c
justice, wh
his watch.
"Ah, he
minister in
for you."
Sure eno
watch was
"And wh
"Sh-h,"
about him.
back."—E

THE foll
the wall o
braska:
"Fore m
postoffice;
seven miles
God bless
"We're
start."—Th

"INSPIRED" JOURNALS

The two best written papers in the United States, in the opinion of journalists generally, are in the city of New York, and both of them are hopelessly committed to plutocracy. I refer to the *Sun* and the *Evening Post*. Of these papers it was once said by a wit, that "the citizens of New York, finding vice so attractive in the *Sun* in the morning, and virtue made so repellent in the *Evening Post* in the evening, there was nothing to do but take to one of Beadle's dime novels." Unfortunately, the literary merits of both papers are such that they are in demand in the editorial sanctums of every other daily paper in the country, and there is very little written in comment upon any serious, vital general topic, for any of the great dailies outside of New York, that is not based upon the opinion of one or the other of these New York dailies on that subject. The papers in "the provinces" may occasionally traverse the opinion expressed in the *Sun* or the *Evening Post*, but always the influence of the underlying thought in the editorial betrays the color of its origin in one or other of the two papers I have mentioned. Each of them is an organ of special interests with some academic exceptions. Their inspiration is found in Wall Street, and their attitude is always one of antagonism to any of the proposals for changes in the social or economic system of the country, that emanate from any quarter not approved either in the office of Mr. Morgan or Mr. Rockefeller. Once in a while they make some concession to the cry of reform when some particularly glaring case of plutocratic or corporation crime is brought to notice, but in the main they stand for the situation as it is, and for the perpetuation in power of the franchise corporations that make up the great aggregation of wealth that dominates the cities and States, and, eventually, the whole country. — William Marion Reedy in the *St. Louis Mirror*.

NO ADMITTANCE FOR EGGS

A theatrical company that plays in repertoire in country villages barred a citizen of a Long Island town, not long ago, when he started to enter with a basket, after having purchased a ticket. A writer in the *New York Times* tells the story:

One evening a solid-looking citizen, carrying a basket, bought a ticket and started to enter the opera house. Just as he was going in, the cover of the basket unaccountably slipped off, revealing two dozen eggs.

"Hey!" said the ticket-taker. "This isn't Easter. Where you going with them eggs?"

"None o' y'r business! Here's my ticket, all paid for an' reg'l'r," declared the citizen.

"Well, there don't any eggs go inside while I'm here," said the ticket-taker; and then the other saw the reason his burden was suspected, and roared with laughter.

He left the eggs in charge of the man at the box-office and entered; and he enjoyed every moment of the show. When it was over, the manager returned the eggs to him, and said:

"I was afraid you might put your foot into the basket while you were applauding."—*Youth's Companion*.

At a dinner given by the prime minister of a little kingdom on the Balkan Peninsula, a distinguished diplomat complained to his host that the minister of justice, who had been sitting on his left, had stolen his watch.

"Ah, he shouldn't have done that," said the prime minister in tones of annoyance. "I will get it back for you."

Sure enough, toward the end of the evening the watch was returned to its owner.

"And what did he say?" asked the diplomat.

"Sh-h," cautioned the host, glancing anxiously about him. "He doesn't know that I have got it back."—*Everybody's*.

The following is reported to have been found on the wall of a deserted cabin in the heart of Nebraska:

"Fore miles from a naber; sixteen miles from a postoffice; twenty-five miles from a raleroad; forty-seven miles from a church; half a mile from water; God bless our home!

"We're gone to British Columbia to get a fresh start."—*The News*.

FRANKLIN-1909

G 18 H. P. runabout with hamper, \$1750. With single or double rumble, \$1800.
G 18 H. P. touring-car, \$1850.
D 28 H. P. five-passenger touring-car, \$2800. And runabout, with single or double rumble, \$2700.
H 42 H. P. seven-passenger touring-car, \$3750. And runabout, with single or double rumble, \$3600.

An automobile should be built for what it has to do.

There's no need of its being enormously bulky and heavy to carry people and climb and go.

No automobile ever built has such clean-cut usable ability as the Franklin model H touring-car, or is so delightful to ride in and strong and safe; yet it weighs less than 2500 pounds.

It has a 42 horse-power engine with six cylinders. It carries seven passengers. It is capable of 55 miles an hour. There is no jolting, no jar, no vibration.

All this splendid ability can be used to the limit on all sorts of roads with an easefulness and security and independence never approached in any other automobile.

Franklins don't have to be bulky and heavy. They have no water-cooling apparatus to carry. And every Franklin has a laminated wood frame and four full-elliptic springs, and large wheels and tires. All this eliminates jar and shock and the necessity for bulk and heaviness.

The Franklin Type D is the greatest of five-passenger automobiles:—
Powerful, commodious and strong, but not bulky nor heavy. No heavy, hard-riding water-cooled automobile—no matter how big it is nor how much it costs, can equal Type D on American roads.

The Type G is the only high-grade, small automobile:—
Moderate in size, light in weight and as refined and stylish as the largest Franklin models. Type G is swift, able and extremely economical. And you can't wear it out.

There's neither comfort nor safety in useless weight; and it is frightfully expensive.

The value of an automobile is not in bulk and machinery and power-rating, but in what it actually does on the road, measured by the cost per mile and per year for doing it.

"Something for nothing" is no more to be had in automobiles than anywhere else. You get what you pay for.

Every Franklin is worth the money.

Write for the advance catalogue for 1909

H H FRANKLIN MFG CO., Syracuse N Y



THE PIANO WE ALL CAN PLAY.
BY HAND—OR MUSIC ROLL.

THE PIANO ALL CAN PLAY AND ENJOY

Any one and every one (irrespective of musical training) can play, entertain and enjoy any and all classes of music to the fullest extent with the aid of the AUTOPIANO. This marvelously faithful instrument makes players of us all and places at our command every composition in music.

The AUTOPIANO is essentially the piano for the home and drawing-room because every one can play it—player and non-player alike. It is the world's greatest entertainer.

Whether your musical taste is cultivated or not you can play and enjoy the AUTOPIANO.

The distinctly advantageous features (exclusively our own patents) superior to all other player pianos, irrespective of price, makes the AUTOPIANO a peerless instrument.


Handsome brochure telling all about the AUTOPIANO in a readable and interesting style sent free on application.

Prices Range from \$450 to \$750.

THE AUTOPIANO COMPANY

619 to 629 West 50th Street

New York City



Hammer the Hammer

Every house should have burglar insurance in the form of a revolver. But—the women-folk are usually as much afraid of the revolver as of the burglar. Protect your home with a revolver that is not only straight-shooting and hard-hitting, but is safe in itself. Nothing will fire this revolver but pulling the trigger. Let it fall from your pocket, kick it across the room—"hammer the hammer"—nothing doing until you pull the trigger. Our Free Booklet, "Shots," tells the whole story. Send your name on a postal—it will be mailed free with our full catalogue.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver
Richly nickel-plated, 22 cal. rim-fire or 32 cal. center fire, 3-in. bbl.; or 38 cal. center-fire, 3¼-in. bbl. Extra length bbl. or blued finish at slight extra cost.

\$6

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver
Richly nickel-plated, 32 calibre center-fire, 3-inch barrel; or 38 calibre center-fire, 3¼-inch barrel. Extra length bbl. or blued finish at slight extra cost.

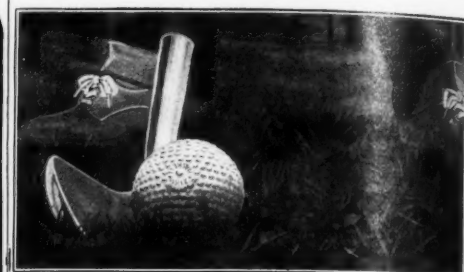
\$7

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 186 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
New York: 99 Chambers Street.
Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben 4.
San Francisco: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market Street

IVER JOHNSON SINGLE BARREL SHOTGUNS AND IVER JOHNSON TRUSS BRIDGE BICYCLES

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER



For an accurate approach use the
HASKELL-WHITE
GOLF BALL

No annoyance of having the ball suddenly lose its direction and drop to a poor lie. Beautifully responsive to any kind of blow from any club in the bag; its balance and direction, from tee to hole, are perfect. Will not cut, chip, or soften. Price 50 cents. Watch the Ball with the Purple Ring—a Royal Ball for the Royal Game.

The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio



CHICAGO ST. LOUIS
PHILADELPHIA DENVER
DETROIT LONDON
CLEVELAND PARIS
BOSTON Factories: AKRON, OHIO
Our products are also handled in
NEW YORK and BUFFALO
by The B. F. Goodrich Co. of New York
and in
SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES
SEATTLE

ONE COW'S MILK

"You must let the baby have one cow's milk to drink every day," said the doctor.
"Very well, if you say so, doctor," said the perplexed young mother; "but I really don't see how he is going to hold it all."—Exchange.

AN UNFORTUNATE MISUNDERSTANDING: "I had to leave my last situation because the missus said they were going to lead the sinful life, and they wouldn't want any servants about the place."—The Bellman.

SAMUEL'S NOTION


"And the streets are paved with real gold, and there will be music and flowers, and everything will be beautiful!" finished the Sunday-school teacher, who was telling her small charges of heaven.
"And now tell me," she continued, "what kind of little boys and girls are going there?"
Nobody knew. Then from one corner a small brown hand shot up. "Yes, Samuel?" the teacher smiled.
"Please, teacher, dead ones!"—Everybody's Magazine.



THOSE NEW COINS

Mr. Crow: AT LAST I HAVE FOUND THE PORTRAIT OF MY DECEASED ANCESTOR!

STEVENS



A Stevens Man Can Wait
for his shot with a satisfaction of knowing that when it comes he can depend upon his gun. Stevens guns are easy to shoot with because they are correctly balanced and because they shoot accurately. Stevens rifles and pistols hold the world's target records.
Ask us about the STEVENS Demi-Bloc System of Double Gun Manufacture.
Every man should read Dan Beard's "Guns and Gunning." It tells all about woodcraft, habits of game birds, camping hints on equipment, cooking, etc. Beautifully illustrated by Belmore H. Browne. Sent prepaid on receipt of price: 20c paper cover; 30c cloth cover.

160-Page Catalogue Free
Send 5c to pay postage. Full of valuable information on choice and care of firearms, etc. If you cannot obtain genuine Stevens firearms from your home dealer, we ship direct, express prepaid, on receipt of catalogue prices.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL COMPANY
805 Grove Street
Chicopee Falls, Mass., U.S.A.



No More Flat Tires

to take away the pleasure of auto-mobiling if you have the DAYTON AIRLESS. Look just like pneumatics, will wear many times as long, and all the time you have no fear of punctures, blow-outs, or other tire trouble. Exact scientific and severe road tests show them fully as resilient as pneumatics. Easily applied to any standard clincher rim.

Send for free booklet that shows the tire construction, the guarantee, and gives you prices.

The Dayton Rubber Manufacturing Company
1210 Kiser Street, Dayton, Ohio

A FLIRTATION

Together we sat in a tete-a-tete,
The prettiest girl and I.
The light was out and the hour was late,
For time, you know, will fly! By Jove!
How rapidly time will fly.

Together we sat in the welcome gloom,
Alone, unheard, unseen,
Though her mother was in the other room
With a thin portiere between.

I knew that the mother in ambush lay—
As mothers do, it seems—
To carry the prettiest girl away,
Away to the land of dreams. By Jove!
To the wonderful land of dreams.

But the cherry like lips of the pretty miss,
Alas, were a tempting sight,
And I ventured to beg for a tiny kiss—
Just one, before "Good night."

But the prettiest girl resented that
In a way I'd never dreamed,
For she airily sprang from where we sat
And, what do you think? She screamed! By Jove!
She certainly did—she screamed!

I caught the coquette in my arms—Alack,
For such is the way of men!—
And gruffly demanded of her a smack,
And then—and then—and then—

Her mother came cruelly in with a light
And—what do you think she said?
"Oh, come little lady, kiss daddy good night,"
And carried her off to bed. By Jove!
And carried the baby to bed!—*Bohemian Magazine.*

A SECOND SERVING

Old age should command respect, and an old joke
which has remained fallow for fifty years should not
receive too harsh treatment on its reappearance to the
world. But jokes do not always improve with years,
as is the case in the report of the *Manchester Union*.
The paper first records the current joke.

"Why, Jennie!" exclaimed a Sunday-school teacher
to quite a large girl. "You have come to Sab-
bath-school barefoot. Do you think that many little
girls would go that way?"

"Yes, ma'am. Some of the girls on my street go
that way, and the rest mind their own business."

Now the above has been trotted out in the funny
column of the local papers for several years, even
being claimed as a local happening in dozens of
places. The following article was printed in *Har-
per's Magazine* for August, 1887:

"Old Professor S. was one of the instructors of
Dartmouth College years ago, and was about as
blunt and straightforward a specimen of humanity as
ever walked. One day in the early summer he was
taking his usual stroll round the village, keeping his
'eye out' for any student who might be off duty,
when he chanced to see Mr. Page, a sturdy farmer
of East Hanover, with a load of wood, trudging along
the dusty street barefooted and coatless.

"Hello, Mr. Page!" growled the professor. 'I'd
like to know if all the people of East Hanover go
barefoot?'

"Part of 'em do, and the rest on 'em mind their
own business!" was the reply."

The startling thing is the story of a little girl at
Sunday-school perpetrating the same joke half a cen-
tury later.—*Youth's Companion.*

DANGER ASSURED

An Englishman was recently invited by a New
Yorker to accompany him on a hunting trip on Long
Island.

"Large or small game?" laconically asked the
Briton, who has hunted in every quarter of the globe.

"You don't expect to find lions and tigers on Long
Island, do you?" queried the New Yorker.

"Hardly," responded the Briton, with a laugh,
"but I like a spice of danger in my hunting."

"If that's the case," answered the other, with a
grin, "I'm your man, all right. The last time I
went out I shot my brother-in-law in the leg!"—
Harper's Weekly.



ARROW &
NITRO CLUB
SHOT SHELLS

stand for
SUCCESS at the TRAP
and in the FIELD

American Shot Shell Supremacy

¶ American athletes won supremacy at the Olympic Matches.
The American Revolver Team contestants, their skill reinforced
with U. M. C. Cartridges, won their championship event of the world.

U. M. C. Arrow and Nitro Club Shells

from records, quality and reputation must be given the supremacy
of America. They are the only American shot shells having
Steel Lining, which improves the load and protects the gun. Lead-
ing trap shooters and famous game hunters have for many years
recognized U. M. C. shot shells as "The Standard of America."

For every make of gun.

1908 Game Laws ready Aug. 15th—free.

THE UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
Agency, 313 Broadway, New York

BIG ENOUGH for the BIGGEST GAME

Remington
AUTOLOADING RIFLE

20th Century Progress

¶ The Remington Arms Company kept abreast with
20th Century Progress, such as Wireless Telegraphy
and the Electric Locomotive, by giving to American
Sportsmen the Remington Autoloading Rifle, which
loads itself. John Browning, the inventor, did more
than to perfect the mechanism so that the recoil would
eject, cock and reload—he embodied the idea of
SAFETY by means of the SOLID BREECH. Shooter's face protected by solid steel. Trigger finger
commands the five smashing blows. .25, .30-30, .32
and .35 Rem. calibres give a selection suitable for the
smallest to the biggest big game.

Testimonials from prominent hunters, including
John Goff, the President's guide.

Write for literature.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, ILION, N. Y.
Agency, 313 Broadway, New York



Clark's Cruises of the "Arabic" 16,000 tons

Feb. 4, Orient; Oct. 16, '09, Feb. 5, '10, Cruises Round
the World. Fall Tours, '08, Round the World.

F. C. CLARK Times Building, New York

Runs Under All Conditions

of weather and road. Speed from two to
thirty miles per hour. Best car for service
in emergencies. Reliable and safe. Also
absolutely guaranteed best material—workman-
ship. Find out all about

Kiblinger MOTOR VEHICLES

by writing postal today for free
book. No blow-outs—punc-
tures or any other tire troubles.
Most dependable car made.
Prices from \$375 up according
to style of body.
Write for free book today.



W. H. Kiblinger Co., Dept. 53, Auburn, Indiana

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

RAD-BRIDGE

Registered at Pat. Office LONDON • WASHINGTON • OTTAWA.

CLUB LINEN PLAYING CARDS

"An Ideal Bridge Card." Design of back, hemstitched linen, pat.
Sept. 24, '07. Colors Red, Blue, Brown, Green. 25 cents per pack;
gold edge 35 cents. Dealers everywhere or sent postpaid on receipt of
price. Illustrated catalog of Bridge accessories free. Address Dept. L.
Radcliffe & Co., New York, 144 Pearl St., & London, E. C.

Cooks Anything

that a gas range can cook, but is far more convenient and economical. You can prepare as complete a dinner on the dining table as can be prepared in the kitchen on a gas range. The

Manning-Bowman

(Denatured)
Alcohol Gas Stove
(Patents Pending)

makes its own gas from denatured or other alcohol. Burns with a hot, blue flame. No smoke—no odor. Made with single and double burners. Beautifully nickeled.

Manning-Bowman Chafing Dishes are especially adapted for use on alcohol gas stoves. Provided with "Ivory" Enameled Food Pan when specified. The cleanest and most durable cooking utensil yet devised.



At leading dealers. Write for descriptive booklet "11-26"

MANNING-BOWMAN & CO.,
MIDLAND, CONN.
Makers of "Eclipse" Bread Mixers.

In Use With Chafing Dish

For People Who Don't Like Cream Chocolates

Whitman's

"FUSSY PACKAGE"



All Chocolates and not a Cream Center in the Lot—\$1 a Pound.

Assortment indicated on every box.

Newest and best thing in the whole candy world. Only those chocolates the "fussiest" people choose in making up a box.

Sent postpaid anywhere in U.S. or for sale by all Whitman agencies for \$1
Stephen F. Whitman & Son, 1316 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

THE WORST, ALL RIGHT

BACK in the dark ages, when the management of the Erie Railroad was not all that it should have been—the rolling stock needing more oil and the common stock less water—a westbound passenger train jolted into Corning one day two hours behind time and halted to patch up the engine and take on such passengers as were in no hurry and preferred waiting to walking.

Just as the train was about to jerk itself into motion an excited individual came rushing along the platform, dragging a heavy carpetbag with one hand and waving a telegram with the other.

"You must wait!" he shouted breathlessly. "I'm in an awful hurry! I want to get to Buffalo the worst way!"

"All right," sang out the conductor of the starting train. "Hurry up and jump aboard. You won't strike anything worse than this!"—Everybody's.

THE HYDROPHOBIA SCARE

* * * My objection to M. Pasteur is that in the interests of vivisection his establishment has been advertised by illegitimate means. The panic would have died out long ago, but it has been fomented by the press in the interests of Pasteurism, and when the mad-dog was not available for sensational treatment, a mad-dog has been invented. One thing is certain; the present epidemic of rabies did not commence till Pasteur was ready for it. If he were tomorrow to abandon his experiments in this direction, and turn his attention to, say, small-pox or cholera, we should hear of very few cases of mad dogs. The best way to stamp out hydrophobia would be to muzzle all the dogs and send Pasteur to the North Pole.—London Referee.

HOW RABIES ARE MANUFACTURED

Recipe.

Malice	} aa Equal Parts	{ Imbecility	
Cowardice			Ignorance
Nervousness			Imagination

Dog hatred, add quantum sufficit.

Shake the ingredients well up, look intently and constantly at the mixture, carefully scan the columns of the daily press for hydrophobia announcements and imagine every playful, lost, sick or worried dog that is at liberty out of doors is in the frenzied stage of "rabies."—Woodroffe Hill of England, Fellow of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons.

Latest Books

Sour Sonnets of a Sourhead, by James P. Haverston. (H. M. Caldwell Company, 212 Summer St., Boston.)

Villa Ruben, by John Galsworthy. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)

Our Bird Friends, by George F. Burba. (Outing Publishing Company, Deposit, N. Y. \$1.00.)

Together, by Robert Herrick. (Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Brynilda of Orr's Island, by William Jasper Nicolls. (Geo. W. Jacobs and Company, Philadelphia, Pa.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream. The Winter's Tale (Duffield and Company. 80 cents net in cloth. \$1.00 in leather.)

The Land of the Living, by Maude R. Warren. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

The Northwest Passage, by Roald Amundsen. (E. P. Dutton and Company. 2 vols. \$8.00 net.)

Insect Stories, by Vernon L. Kellog. (Henry Holt and Company.)

The Poetic Old World, by Lucy H. Humphrey. (Henry Holt and Company.)

Poems for Travelers, by Mary R. J. DuBois. (Henry Holt and Company.)

How to Get a Position and How to Keep It, by S. Roland Hall. (Funk and Wagnalls Company. 50 cents net.)

The Bishop's Emeralds, by Houghton Townley. (W. J. Watt and Company, New York.)

William Tell, a Drama, by Arthur D. Rees. (J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.)

Christmas vs. Fourth of July, by Asenath G. Coolidge. (Published by author, Watertown, N. Y. 25 cents.)

The Power Supreme, by Francis C. Nicholas. (R. E. Lee Company, Boston.)

Aunt Maud, by Ernest Oldmeadow. (McClure and Company. \$1.50.)

Mrs. Featherweight's Musical Moments, by John Brady. (Printed and published at the Goerck Art Press, 925 Sixth Ave., New York.)

Diamond



TIRES ARE THE BEST

CASINGS TUBES

THE MARSH IS THE BEST QUICK-ACTING-RIM

THE DIAMOND RUBBER CO
AKRON, OHIO

SPECIALISTS

in the colors, styles and quality of jerseys, sweaters, caps and other



Athletic Goods

that's our reputation among schools, colleges and clubs—

ALEX. TAYLOR & CO.

Formerly JOHNSON & TAYLOR

16 E. 42nd Street, N.Y., Opp. Hotel Manhattan.

EST. 1897.

Send for illustrated fall catalog. Every college athlete should have one.

LIFE'S MUSICAL NUMBER

Double Special, Dated Oct. 1

LIFE COPY

MAGAZINE COPY

\$250. per Page
½ and ¼ pro rata

60 Cents
Per Agate Line

GEO. B. RICHARDSON

Advertising Manager

17 West 31st Street NEW YORK
Last Forms Close Sept. 17

THE DISCOVERY OF TROUSERS

A Boon to Men—No More Cold Knees

Alexander the Great has found a new world to conquer after all—the world of masculine dress. News recently came from Macedon that during his recent campaign in India the illustrious Emperor chanced upon a discovery that promised to revolutionize male attire, and a representative of the Tailor and Cutter who traveled to the German capital to investigate the rumor is now in a position to confirm it. In an audience of his Majesty, graciously granted, the interviewer learned the story of the momentous discovery. It seems that the Conqueror had retired for a while from his suite and was pondering in an open space of the jungle on the great riddle of life and the littleness of man, when he was aware of the contiguity of an elephant, wild but friendly, with what he conceived to be its back toward him. As he looked he was struck by the negligence and ease with which this vast animal wears the skin on its legs, at once so loose and well fitting, so serviceable and unpretentious. Feeling at the same moment a chilliness about his own knees, Alexander at once signaled for the court tailor and bade him, to his enormous astonishment and reluctance, make him a garment on similar lines, and this the Emperor has been wearing ever since. The new garment is called facetiously "trousers," from the court tailor's humorous remonstrance when first instructed to study the elephant—"Well, I trow, sire!" which his Majesty repeats with infinite drollery.

Our representative adds that Alexander the Great recently improved the original idea, in the press of battle, and his best trousers are now carefully creased. —*The Metropolitan.*

A WITTY PEASANT

A thunderstorm overtook the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria when out shooting, in 1873, with old Emperor William of Germany and Victor Emmanuel. The three monarchs got separated from their party and lost their way. They were drenched to the skin, and, in search of shelter, hailed a peasant driving a covered cart drawn by oxen along the high road. The peasant took up the royal trio and drove on.

"And who may you be, for you are a stranger in these parts?" he asked after a while of Emperor William.

"I am the Emperor of Germany," replied his Teutonic majesty.

"Ha, very good," said the peasant, and then, addressing Victor Emanuel, "and you, my friend?"

"Why, I am the King of Italy," came the prompt reply.

"Ha, ha, very good, indeed! And who are you?" addressing Francis Joseph.

"I am the Emperor of Austria," said the latter.

The peasant then scratched his head, and said with a knowing wink, "Very good, and who do you suppose I am?"

Their majesties replied they would like very much to know.

"Why, I am His Holiness, the Pope."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

TOO SMALL TO PRAY

"Yes, your reverence, our Johnnie is a wonder. He can play cards, bowl and cuss like a trooper."

"Can he say his prayers?"

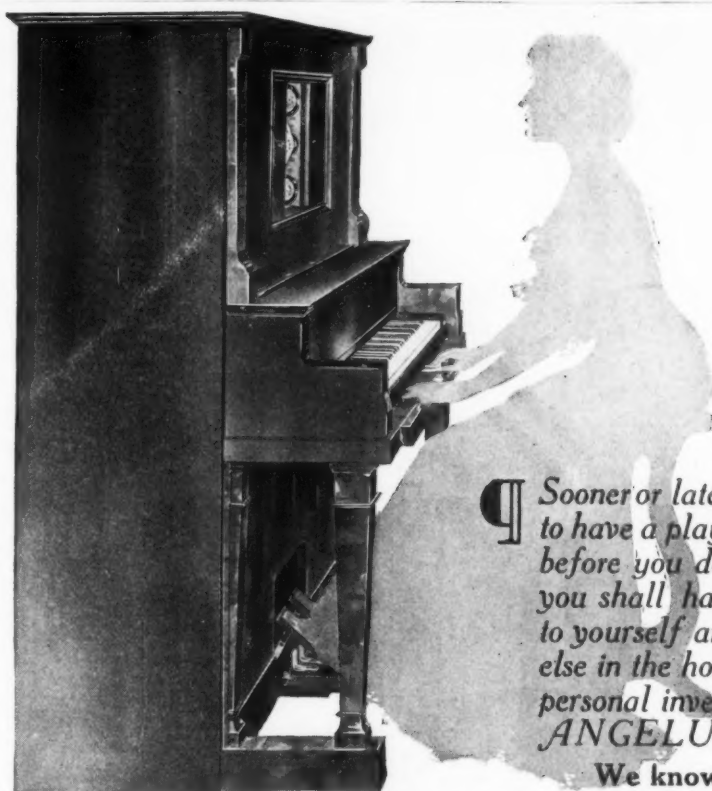
"No, he's too little for that."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

A QUEER COMPACT

Van is seven years old and hates to go to Sunday school. One day he found his best loved friend, the house cat, as old as himself, stretched out on the ground in the garden. His cries brought his mother, who did all she could for a poisoned and apparently fast dying cat, but it seemed of no avail.

As a last desperate resort Van knelt down beside the poor creature and, clasping his hands, upturned his tear-stained face and prayed, "Dear God, make my cat well! Make her well! Oh, dear God, if you will I'll go to Sunday school every time this Summer and not wait to be spanked!"

The cat got well and Van faithfully kept his compact with God.—*Lippincott's.*



Sooner or later you are going to have a player-piano. But before you decide on which you shall have, you owe it to yourself and to everyone else in the house, to make a personal investigation of the ANGELUS instruments.

We know that the

ANGELUS PLAYER PIANO

is the one instrument which enables you to play as you would like to play. We know it is the one player-piano which meets your requirements, step by step, as your knowledge of music develops. But we do not ask you to assume that this is so. We merely tell you that it is to your own interests to hear and play the ANGELUS PLAYER-PIANO and judge its unusual musical qualities for yourself.

Note carefully the excellent effects made easily possible by means of the ANGELUS expression devices:

The MELODANT, which calls forth the melody notes in splendid contrast to those of lesser importance; the MELODY BUTTONS, to accent or soften the base notes independently of the treble or the reverse; the PHRASING LEVER, enabling you to retard or accelerate any particular phrase or rest on any note; the DIAPHRAGM PNEUMATICS, graduating the finger-blows and giving the incomparable "human touch."

No other instrument has these wonderful patented expression devices.

EACH of these expression facilities is patented exclusive with the ANGELUS instruments. Only when you see for yourself how absolutely indispensable they are to correct playing will you appreciate what they mean to your success as a finished performer.

THE Angelus Piano-player, in the form of a convenient portable cabinet, will play any make or style of piano. It is also incorporated in the world-famous Knabe and in the sweet-voiced Emerson piano—making the Knabe-Angelus and the Emerson-Angelus.

Write for beautiful new book and name of convenient representative.

ESTABLISHED 1876.

THE WILCOX & WHITE CO.
MERIDEN, Conn.

Regent House, Regent Street, LONDON.

NO LIBRARY should be without a complete set of LIFE. Bound Volumes of LIFE, Four Dollars each for the later volumes bound in red and gold, green and gold and full black. Prices of the earlier volumes and complete sets made known on application. The issues of LIFE for six months constitute a volume. To those who send unbound copies in good condition the price of the bound volume will be Two Dollars. Vol. 51, January to June, 1908, now ready.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York City

PALL MALL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES



The ultra quality
cigarette for the
ultra critical smoker

A Shilling in London
A Quarter Here



Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

Our Boys' Department contains
everything needed for complete
school outfits. Clothing, Hats,
Shoes and Furnishings.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

BROADWAY COR. TWENTY SECOND ST., NEW YORK



STYLE, NEATNESS
COMFORT

THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

The name is stamped on
every loop—Be sure it's there

THE

Velvet Grip

CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER
SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.
Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

INSIST ON HAVING THE GENUINE
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

J. & F. MARTELL

Cognac

(Founded 1715)



AND

FINE OLD
LIQUEUR
BRANDIES

GENUINE OLD
BRANDIES MADE
FROM WINE

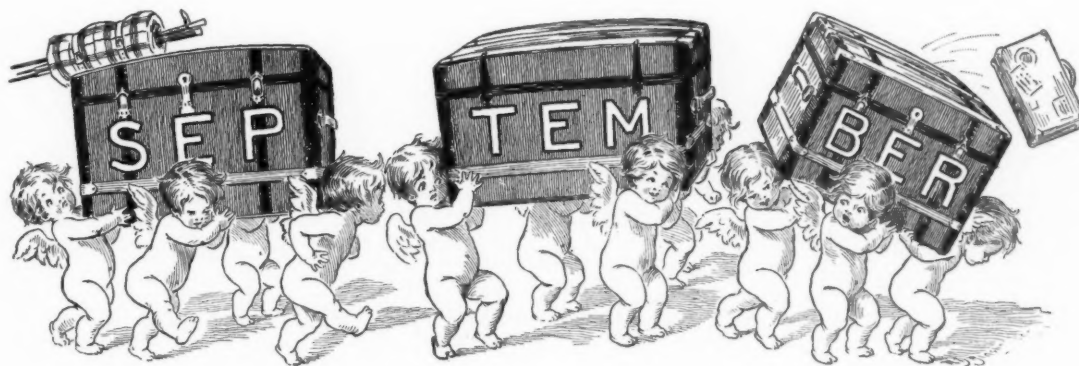
Sole Agents
G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.
New York



LIFE



"IT AIN'T JUST, ELDER, FOR SOME FOLKS TO HAVE SO MUCH AND THE REST OF US SO LITTLE."
 "GO SLOW, MARTHY! 'PEARS TO ME THE GOOD LORD KNOWS PRETTY NEAR WHAT HE'S ABOUT. HE'S MERCIFUL TO MAN AN' BEAST, AN' HE MADE SOME FOLKS TO RIDE ON HORSES AN' SOME TO RIDE ON TROLLEYS."



SHE IS COMING BACK TO US



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LII SEPTEMBER 3, 1908 No. 1349

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
47 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



SHIVERING a good deal, and gritting its teeth, the *World* has come out for Bryan, thus taking away from New York the reproach of sectionalism lately cast upon it by Marse Henry Watterson. Looking sadly out upon Madison Square from the upper story of the Manhattan Club, Marse Henry wrote home to the *Courier-Journal* that the unwillingness of our local newspapers to support Bryan "bodes nothing less than a new sectionalism which is a menace alike to New York and country at large." It's gone now. The *World* is out for Bryan, and New York is no longer sectional.

Not that the *World* has yielded to ungovernable impulse and rushed off headlong on this new course. No. Reason still holds it in firm control. Admitting its objections to Bryan, but recounting the need of a powerful Opposition to the party now in power, the *World* says:

Independently and firmly, voluntarily and conscientiously, and with a keen appreciation of its own responsibility to the public, *The World*, confronted on one side by Rooseveltism and Roosevelt's Proxy and on the other by Democracy and Mr. Bryan, has no hesitation in saying that within the limits of True Democracy the Democratic ticket is entitled to the full Democratic vote.

There is nothing rash or reckless about that. It amounts to saying that such Democrats as have been able to make up their minds, all things considered, to vote the Democratic ticket this year, have warrant for that determination, and ought not to be pried away from it. That any inde-

pendents or Republicans ought to vote for Bryan the *World* does not yet suggest. It feels (more seriously speaking) what many other observers feel, that a large share of the hopes of the country depend upon the rehabilitation of the Democratic party, and its restoration to the enjoyment of public confidence, and that some progress can be made toward that desirable consummation if the Democrats show up strong enough this year to indicate that the saner elements of the party are regaining influence in its counsels.

It is true that there is a great deal this year to encourage habitual Democrats to vote their party ticket. The trouble is that the voting habits of a great many old-time Democrats have been weakened, and will not be resumed until they can vote for a Democratic candidate that they are willing to see elected. Such a candidate Mr. Bryan is not. The country is full of just such Democrats as the *World* is, who feel that the Democratic ticket this year is entitled to Democratic support, but don't intend to vote it themselves.



THE papers say that Methodist ministers in the West are very much pleased with Mr. Bryan, and are urging folks with whom they have influence not to vote for Taft because he is Unitarian. That a good many of the trans-Mississippi Methodist brethren should feel their hearts go out to Brother Bryan is easy to understand, because he is very much their style of man. He ought to get his share of Methodist votes, and we presume he will—rather more than his share, probably. That is all right. Brother Bryan has worked honestly enough, and hard, for those votes, and they ought not to be begrudged to him.

But to stir up prejudice against Taft because he is a Unitarian is all wrong, and is especially unworthy of the Methodist clergy, because it is so particularly mischievous, and so contrary to American ideals. "Unitarian," in these times, is very vaguely descriptive. Taft is a Unitarian by inheritance. We don't know what his doc-

trinal beliefs are, but the differences of doctrinal persuasion between hereditary Unitarians and hereditary Episcopalians and Presbyterians—and even Baptists and Methodists—are apt to be in this generation by no means so acute and definite as they were a generation or two ago. There is no sort of reasonable objection to a Unitarian as a candidate for any public office. Doctrinal qualifications have never been considered in candidates for the Presidency. The objection, still pretty widely held, though waning, to a Roman Catholic as a candidate for that office is not doctrinal, but is based on the great strength of the powerful and disciplined Catholic organization, and to the partial control of it by powers outside of our territory. So, if the time ever comes, as it may, when votes are cast against a candidate for President because he is a Methodist, it will not be because he professes this or that religious belief, but because his sect is so strong in numbers and organization, so active and partisan as a sect in politics, and so relentlessly urgent in thrusting upon its fellows the rather narrow system of manners and morals that it patronizes, as to make anything seem dangerous that promises to increase its power.

But the Unitarians are the weakest of all the considerable sects. There is nothing to be feared from their organization, and there is no conceivable reason for discriminating politically against a member of it.



THERE are two of our fellow citizens who deserve, it seems to us, a very particular credit for being alive. One is Mr. Harriman; the other is Mr. Charles Morse. These are tough, hardy men, with the sort of nervous systems and recuperative facilities that every American family ought this year to be equipped with. Mr. Harriman and Mr. Morse ought, according to many precedents, to have shivered down off their boughs months ago like withered leaves, and been carted off—especially Mr. Morse; but even he is still active, hopeful and eager, while Mr. Harriman seems triumphant, hearty and jocund.

All In the Same Boat



TOO GENEROUS

Miss-Inkwell invested in culture this June,
The outlay was three hundred dollars.
She dishes up Europe three times a day—
She ought to save some for her scholars!



O LAYER CAKE!

Anita Marshmallow may always be found
Sitting up near the bow eating candy.
With four sons of Eli she sings "Boola Boo,"
"Don't you think Jack Barrymore's Dandy!"

New Rules

EVERY summer brings with it an increasing number of accidents to automobilists on railroad tracks. Most of these accidents, however, seem to be haphazard. There is no system to them. In many cases the auto gets over the track and away without any damage whatever.

The following suggestions may be of use to automobilists and their families, who contemplate being run over by locomotives.

Trust implicitly to your chauffeur, especially if you have your wife and babies along with you. Some people are absurdly particular in this respect. They go so far as to demand references when they engage their chauffeur. They want him to go under thirty miles an hour constantly, and if he hears the whistle of a locomotive they even demand that he stop the car. The best way is to let him alone and assume that he knows his business, even if you don't know much about him. It's the only way to enjoy your ride.

If you happen to be driving the car yourself, don't be absurdly timid about the steering gear, or the fact that a train may be about to pass just as you are crossing the track. You, if a millionaire, have as much right on the track at that moment as any one, and if you see there is no help for it, make a good job of it, and let the locomotive hit you fairly and squarely. It's the lingering afterward that causes trouble—and is more expensive.

Above all, don't let any one get ahead of you on the road.

The fact that you may run up on a railroad track at any moment and meet a locomotive only adds to the real sport of automobiling.

Too Late

MIFKINS (to Piffer): She's a stunning woman, old man, and you're bound to be struck on her. But don't mention laundry, or anything like that! Her grandmother was a washwoman.

PIFFER (later, to the lady in question, as he relates a story): Yes, indeed! I can tell you, it took the starch—beg pardon! the nerve—right out of me.



24-CARAT SILENCE

Discovered

SHE was a student at Vassar,
While he was a Princeton man;
And during the Newport season
They gathered a coat of tan
Which caused unlimited wonder—
Knockers cried "What a disgrace!"
For each of the pair was sunburned
On opposite sides of the face.

Our Fresh Air Fund

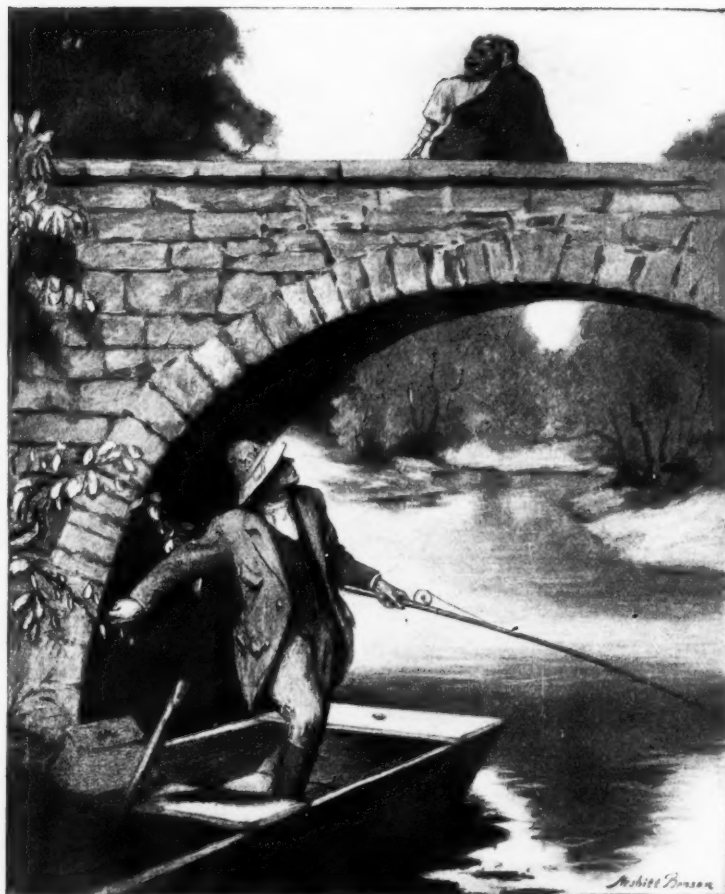
Previously acknowledged.....	\$5,939.76
Proceeds of Art Exhibit, Eleanor Sanborn, assisted by F. M.....	.26
E. L. D.....	5.00
A. Karr Nagey.....	.04
Easter Circle.....	67.97
E. S., Jr.....	5.00
W. P. S.....	5.00
C. D. S.....	5.00
M. W. D.....	3.00
D. H. C.....	5.00
W. A. O. Paul.....	10.00
"In memory of Little Charlotte".....	10.00
"In Memory of Louise De Forest".....	50.00
"The Fulton Class," First Pres. Church, Edith A. Ritenous, Treas., Uniontown, Pa.....	45.00
Mrs. A. H. Storer.....	1.00
Miss Betty Balch.....	1.00
Anne E. Sage, James S. White, Marion S. White.....	15.00
	\$6,168.03

A Sure Thing

"D O you think Putter will marry again?"
"Inside of a year. I have never seen a man so inconsolable over the loss of a wife."



Mr. Misimagin: "HUH! THAT MUST BE A CATBIRD. I'VE SHOT HIM EIGHT TIMES, AND HE AIN'T DEAD YET"



"SAY! CAN'T YOU CUT THAT OUT? YOU'RE SCARING THE FISH"

More Bewilderment

DID you ever stop to think how fortunate it was that people did not take advice, and what an awful mess we'd have on our hands if they did? It is especially to be commended that the youth of our country are heedless of advice; that advice is to the mind of the youth as water is to a duck's back. Otherwise they would not be fit to survive.

For instance, we tell the rising generation to save their money and invest it in first mortgages. Then we turn right around and tell them to live within their income and never borrow money. Of course, you already see the point. This is not a surprise story. If every one took the second bit of advice, none could possibly follow the first bit and vice versa. These two bits are mutually exclusive. Therefore they should always be given together. It would not be fear;

it would hurt business, to tell one fellow to save his money and invest it in first mortgages, and then go around telling all the other fellows not to borrow from him. All this, moreover, on top of Shakespeare's advice to "neither a borrower nor a lender be."

Let us be just, one unto another, and not look free advice in the mouth.

Ellis O. Jones.

The Line of Least Resistance

THE MOTHER: My little boy was rude, I know. I am afraid he is awfully spoiled.

THE STRANGER: Don't mention it, madam! It is better that he should be spoiled than that his young life be embittered by the thought that he is different from all other American children.

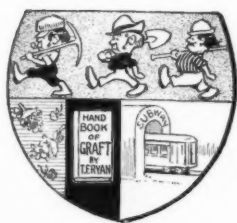
WITH an ideal society there would be no temptations to resist—hence, man would deteriorate.

· LIFE ·

Who's What

In and Out of America

237



Shonts, Theodore.—A retired canal digger, who lived at Panama, but came on to August Belmont's villa via the White House, where so many bouquets were thrown at him that it took him days to recover. For some little time he has been learning the Subway trade, having been presented with a grafter's text book by Thomas Ryan. Mr. Shonts began life as an engineer, and will probably end it as a financier. His favorite hymn is "Out of the Depths." Author of "A Hole in the Ground," "Panama Pickings," "How I Escaped from a Teddy Bear," etc.

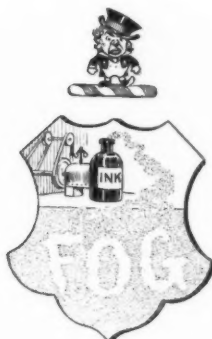
Valuable

PARSON: Young man, I'm surprised to see you fishing on the Sabbath. I shall certainly make it the subject of a sermon.

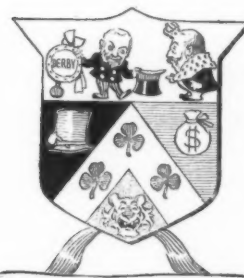
THE YOUNG MAN: Waal, if it gives you an idea for a sermon, maybe it's wuth it!



WASTING TIME



James, Henry.—A fog maker, now living in London, formerly of Boston and the outskirts of Harvard. The quality of this gentleman's fog has never been surpassed, and it is appreciated only by the elect, who go into raptures over it. There have been many other literary fogs (see the Browning brand, the Maurice Hewlett mixture, the Meredith, the latest Kipling product, etc.), but none that, when one steps into it, gives one the pleasant sensation of analytical hopelessness as that of Mr. James. To be appreciated it must be indulged in freely. "After groping about for a while," says a recent admirer, "one begins to feel the end of a sentence, which end, doesn't matter. He pulls himself along its slippery length, like a man on a life line in a heavy sea, until he begins to gulp down, not heavily and oppressively, but subtly and delightfully, the splendid thought." This will give one a fair idea of the James fog, which frequently extends across the banks of New Foundland to Printing House Square. Besides producing this fog, Mr. James' principal occupation is criticising America, which he does to the King's taste. Favorite pastime: Wondering what it means. Motto: To the Stylist All Things Are Meaningless. Address the principal city of England—that is, that place which is said or believed to be or thought to cover more, and contain more than any other, if I may be permitted to say so, none other than London, England.



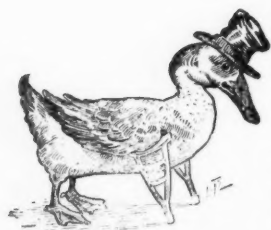
Croker, Richard.—A born and made politician, whom New York loved so well and faithfully that she furnished him enough to go to England with and win the Derby. The first two years of this young man's life were spent in Ireland, long enough to entitle him to a certificate to be one of the guardians of American morals. Coming on to New York, he took up the good work of Tammany Hall where Tweed left it off, and established a standard of graft for the whole country, his collection of franchises being declared more complete than that of any other collector. His favorite occupation is Living down the Past. Recreation: Patting John Bull on the back. Address any sporting ring.

Two Inches that Count for Taft

A BOSTON clothing manufacturer remarks a very interesting detail of the effect of prosperity upon the people of the United States. Ten years ago, he says, the waist measurements of ready-made clothing—most in demand in the West and the South—was 34 inches for the West and 33 for the South. Now the largest call is for 36 and 35 inches waist measurement for the same people. That means that the waist capacity of the West and South has been increased by two inches, a very interesting difference.

Corporeally, Bryan and Taft may both commend themselves to the electorate whose waist measurements has increased two inches, but politically, Taft more than Bryan. Bryan developed his first strength among the lean and hungry. The hearts of folks whose waist measurements are increasing have never been very ready to go out to him, and are not now.

In Regard to Duck Hunting



HAVING just returned from a duck hunt with an enthusiastic friend, I can cordially recommend it to all those who are tired of life.

We arrived at our destination, on the confines of North Carolina, about seven o'clock in the evening. This is the pleasant hour, by the way, when it is my invariable custom to don a pair of soft old slippers, and with a pipe and a book, curl up before a romantic grate fire.

On this occasion things were somewhat different. In order to get within range of the nimble duck, it is necessary to locate oneself near a sheet of cold and forbidding water in some lonely spot, where electric light plants do not grow and woolen blankets have only a distant echo. For this purpose we sat around a red hot stove in a fisherman's hut, while the icicles formed on our backs. When it came to retiring, my friend said in a cold, sepulchral voice: "You will be called at two o'clock in the morning."

And then I shuddered upstairs, where I crept under one of those cardboard cotton comforters that lie along the ragged edges of civilization, and tried to get warm. Gradually wrapping around my feet everything there was in the room, from the rag carpet to my ascot necktie and piling on top overcoats, hairbrushes and nail files, I lay and calmly awaited my fate.

Gradually becoming more and more benumbed, I was just about to lose consciousness when a big brute of a ruffian known as the "guide" stamped into the room and shaking me playfully until I broke in all the places I was frozen, shouted, "Git up! It's two o'clock."

I jumped out of bed, and, there being no more clothes to put on, seized my gun and started down to breakfast. This con-



OOH!



• BRIBERY.

sisted of a coffee compound known as Java, Mocha, and mud. Then, thrusting a Pittsburgh stogie between my teeth—for by this time I was lost to all sense of shame—we started forth.

"It's a grand morning," whispered my friend, playfully throwing over my shoulder a ton or so of decoy ducks. I looked around at the total darkness and replied that I was crazy about it.

Scientists tell us that our vitality is at its lowest ebb between four and five in the morning. Put this back to two-thirty, and you'll have the facts.

I am the sort of man—I speak of it with hereditary pride—who scorns to carry a package—if it weighs but three ounces, back and forth from my home. When I travel, I travel first class. Porters hurry on in front of me armed cat-a-pie with my luggage. Therefore it was a new sensation, this skirting a meadow in rubber boots, gradually being filled with a new crop of chillblains, carrying a shotgun listed at twelve pounds (actual weight about two hundred) with a belt of cartridges about my waist and loaded with decoy ducks.

Thus we crept to the boats—and having got in, pulled down the lids.

I confess that I am an open, hearty, bluff person. There is not a deceptive hair in my head. If I had had my way about it, I would have sat on the shore in front of a blazing fire, upholstered with hot water bottles, filled with Santa Cruz rum,



THE RUMBLE SEAT

and dared those ducks to come near. The idea of deceiving even a duck is repellant to my nature. To do it by getting up at 2 A. M. and sneaking off in a bush-decorated boat about two sizes too small, while you're slowly freezing to death, is not in my line.

After we had floated idly about in something remotely (very!) resembling the voluptuous, passionate, Cleopatra style, a streak in the East proclaimed that another day of suffering was at hand.

Our decoys by this time were having friendly doings with some rank outsiders, persuading them doubtless that this was the spot for permanent home sites where good icy cold water could be squatted on, on the installment plan. A long train of ducks from the congested tenement districts of the North Pole, had just arrived and was settling down on the choice corner lots we had provided, when the guide lifted his left eyebrow three-eighths of an inch.

This was the signal for the slaughter. My friend and the guide each killed six or seven of the newcomers. As for myself, not one decoy duck escaped my trusty gun.

Thus the years appeared to drag on until it was time to return to the Waldorf Astoria.

"You'll be like another man," said my friend, blythely slapping me on my frappéd back. And he was right. Rheumatism has done it. Next day, on my way to the best heated sanitarium in the state, I directed that a suitable number of ducks—bought from the guide—be sent by express to my friends at home to remember me by.

In the meantime should anyone ask me if I consider it honorable to shoot a defenseless bird for the mere hilarious pleasure of the sport, my reply is this: Any duck who is foolish enough to get up so early in the morning ought to be shot in cold blood.

My one regret is that instead of doing this I filled those patient decoys with lead—thus making them all the heavier for the next innocent victim my friend will persuade to leave his happy home for a dark, rheumatic, grippe-laden future.

T. L. M.

A Youthful Pessimist

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: What did God do on the Sabbath day?

BRIGHT BOY: I guess he must have sat around and felt awful sorry for what he had done.

Men Wanted

THE United States Government has recently indulged in some rather extensive and elaborate magazine advertising for naval recruits. In this advertisement the most enticing statements are made, and the accompanying picture is of an immaculate sailor boy in a Peter Thomson suit buying luscious fruit from a delicious looking Spanish senora, the whole exuding an exotic breath calculated to reach the heart of an impressionable youth. It is undeniably attractive, but is it true? A suspicion unavoidably lurks that the promulgators of the advertisement have been guilty at least of exaggeration. If so, is it justifiable? We have been brought up to believe that a democratic government dealing with its people should be impartially truthful. Only foreign diplomats should lie. Government advertisements in the past have been nothing beyond the mere colorless statement of facts and needs. Why the change?

This new departure brings the suggestion that something is wrong somewhere. We are reliably informed that a large number of men are now out of work. The bare announcement of two or three lines in the want column that a man is wanted at a certain address is sufficient to bring a score. Why, then, should the Government need an expensive "ad" writer for so good a job as is pictured? If it is all true about that fruit and that romantic senora, why don't the boys so write home to all their friends, which would result in a veritable bombardment of applicants at the recruiting stations?

Of course, no one could answer these questions except Andrew Carnegie or Richard Croker, and they are probably both abroad. And, besides, we better not take it up until the injunction is disposed of.

Ellis O. Jones.



"DID YOU BRING THAT WIRELESS MESSAGE FOR PA?"

"YEP."

"GEE! THEN YOU MUST BE A WIRELESS MESSENGER."

How to be Happy on the Farm



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT inquires:

How can life on the farm be made more attractive? How can a compelling desire to live on the farm be aroused in the children that are born on the farm?

There are various ways to do it. Our way would be to put a fresh copy of LIFE once a week in every farmhouse. The way recommended by the commission appointed by the President (if it is as able and as practical as we hope it is) will be to install in every farmhouse the complete (so far) works of Theodore Roosevelt, including "My Invasion of Africa," as soon as printed.

Another way would be to revise the Tariff so that the farmer can buy more with his money.

But why must the children that are born on the farm live on it? Are they to divide and subdivide the land? If there is a reasonable number of them some of them had better get out, just as they do now, and have long been in the habit of doing. The most valuable crop raised on farms is the crop of children, and like all crops, it needs to be distributed, and, especially, brought to the cities to quicken them with fresh energy.

The children in whom it is most important to arouse a compelling desire to live on the farm are those who are born in cities and need a change. To bring the rich ones especially, who know nothing but city life and artificial pleasures, to the knowledge and experience of farming and rural employments, would be a very useful work indeed. We hope the President's commissioners will pay attention to this branch of their duties. Our city of New York, for example, is only fit to work in, and folks who have money enough to live here without working could get a great deal more for their money and live much more usefully and to better purpose in the truly rural districts somewhere where they would have to think a little on their own account, and work a little and read a little, in order to keep alive.



"SAY, MISTER! DO YE THINK YE COULD CONTRIBUTE A MITE TO'ARD TH' SUPPORT OF A PORE WIDDER?"

The Earth

THE earth touches life at a number of important points. It is, to be sure, the Lord's and the fullness thereof, but by an amicable arrangement it is farmed out to the coal barons in such a way as not to hurt business.

The salt of the earth is one of the eleven primordial jokes.

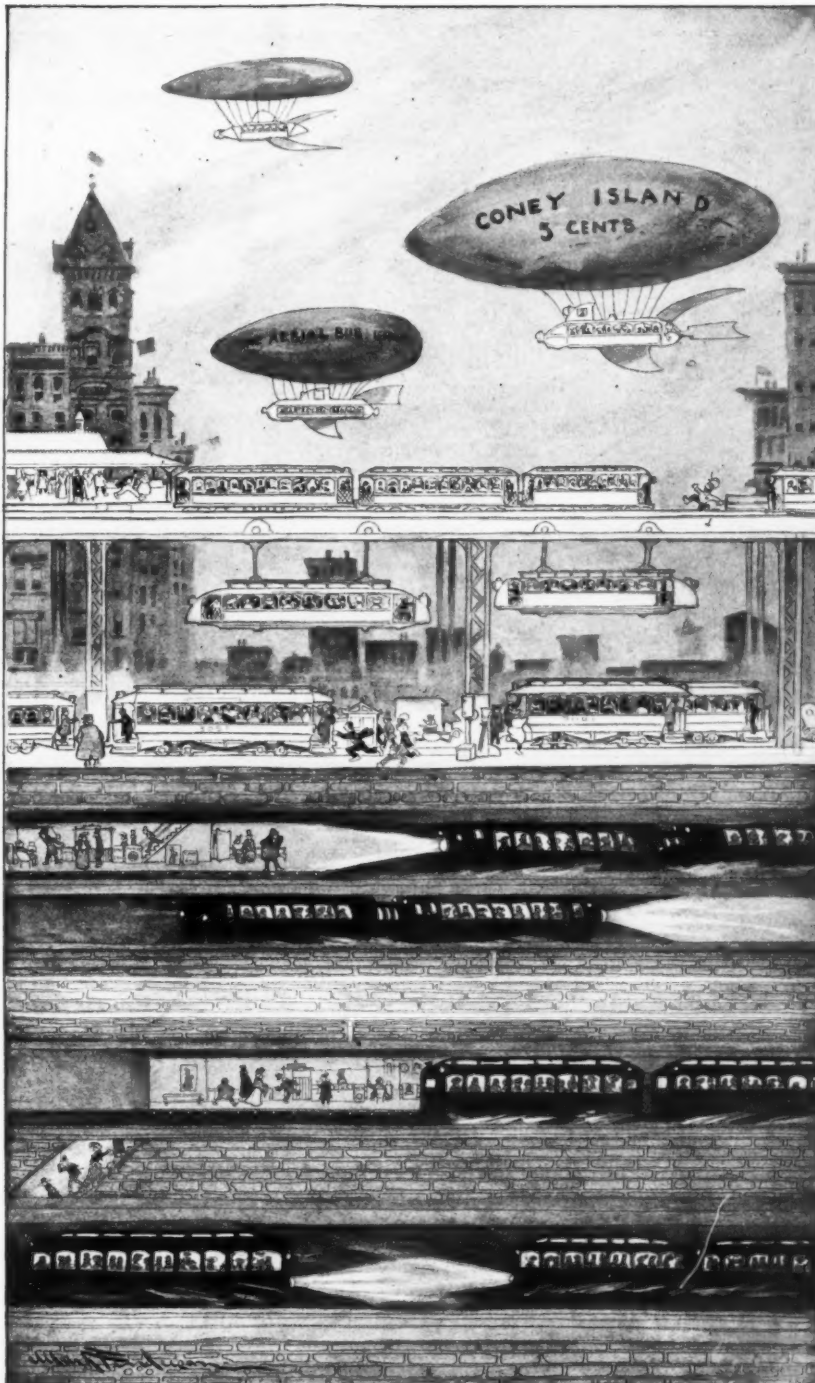
By being of the earth earthy we avoid becoming dotty over the good, the beautiful and the true.

The earth stops people when they fall out of their airships, and is a convenient contrivance for them to return to when they die. It gets itself wanted by the many and adds the envy of these to the joys of the few who obtain it. And finally it bestows merited distinction on the meek by whom the earth, after being eaten up in the costs of administration, is inherited.

Ramsey Benson.



THE NEW SUN DIAL



SECTIONAL VIEW OF A NEW YORK STREET

"NOT YET, BUT SOON"

Optimism

I'M quite devoid of money,
As everybody knows;
But the summer sky is sunny
And there's perfume to the rose.
For gold that's bright and yellow
The golden rod will do.
I'm rich as any fellow,
Or that's my point of view!

The song the breezes utter,
The twittering of birds,
The leaves that lisp and flutter,
My true love's tender words,
The lakes that dance and dimple,
The scent of fir and pine—
I own them in fee simple—
Hence, all the world is mine!

I have no broad green acres
Of which I'm over lord,
But joy's for any takers,
And joy's my only hoard;
And while my comrades name me
Companion in their mirth,
I shall myself proclaim me
"The richest man on earth!"
Berton Braley.

A Real Surprise

[BY MEXICAN CABLE TO THE HERALD.]

BUENOS AYRES, via GALVESTON, Texas, Sunday.—The special committee charged to investigate the efficiency of Behring's anti-tuberculosis serum reported that the experiments were a complete failure.

Serums are the pride and joy of the vivisector. If reports of this kind are encouraged some crazy mischief-maker will soon be declaring that Brer Rabbit's foot is no protection against rheumatism.

Beau Ideal

"HE has everything to make a woman happy."

"On the contrary, he has nothing but wealth."

"Dear me! What more can a woman ask of her husband than that he have wealth?"

"That he have brains, beauty, bravery!"

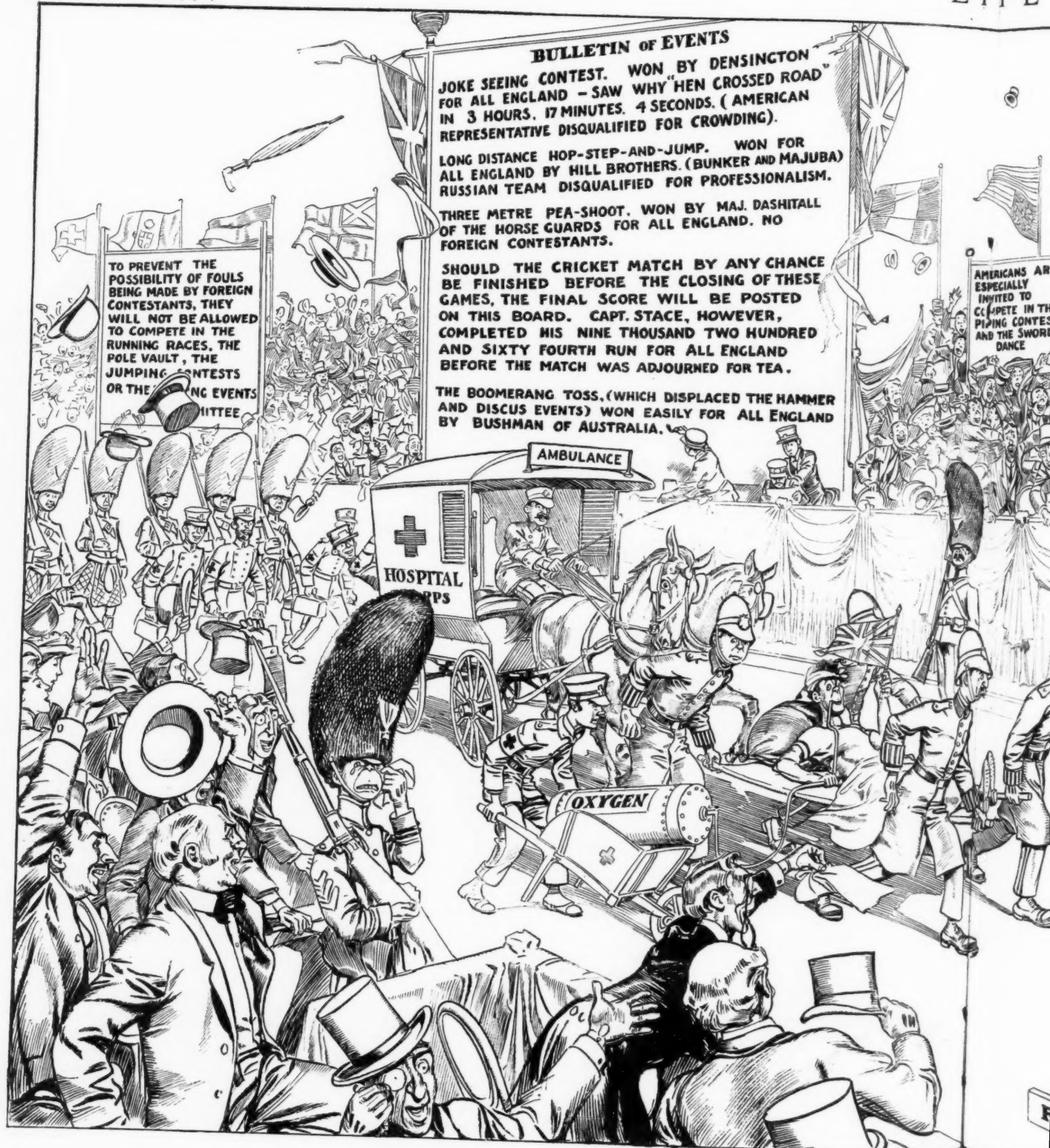
"But"—

"Or, failing these, heart disease!"

In the Good Old Summer Time

"PAPA, haven't you any more fairy stories to read me?"

"Nothing, my boy, but the Republican and Democratic platforms, and they are too sad for one so young."



FORECAST OF THE NEXT BRITISH OLYMPIC GAMES—HAWKINS WINNING. T

One More Season



EJOICE, ye first-nighters, and burst into song,
The maskers and mummers are coming along.
Rehearsals are going from morning till night;
Each manager's praying that he has guessed
right.

The critics are gathering near for the fray
(The "ad" manager tells them just what to say).
Box offices yawn; speculators prepare
For the harvest. Let's scrutinize the bill of fare.

The musical comedies (they're here galore;
John Bull and Chicago send them by the score)
With glitter and crash usher in the new season:
Librettists, why always without rhyme or reason?
Then follow the comedies; these are assorted
In two lots, some homemade, but mostly imported
By Manager Charles; or "adapted," perhaps,
By someone who's scornful of critical raps.
The books of the moment are all dramatized—
A host of Best Sellers. Do not be surprised
Should they drop out of sight with a sickening thud;
A frost often nips the book-play in the bud.
The stars are appearing to light the White Way;
John Drew's being fitted for clothes—and a play.
Belasco's discovered a few actorines:
Who cares for mere acting when sumptuous scenes
And oodles of "atmosphere" show us what can
Be done by a capable property-man?
Here's Hackett and Sothern, both striving to part
Matrimonial bonds. As a First Aid to Art,
An ancient but ever effective resource,
Commend me, O Muse, to the gods of Divorce.
Nat Goodwin's on deck once again to redeem
His laurels, not even a "succes d'estime"
Has been his of late. Will we see Nat appear

In the theatre Maxine's aspiring to rear?
Clyde Fitch has accomplished six dramas polite,
And bosses rehearsals for half of the night;
While Walters, when not counting box-office pelf,
Gives out pleasing interviews—all on himself.
The mimic world wakens: ere long Winter's hammer
Will lustily pound the American "drammer."

Then on to the play! How the dear public pants
To put up its money three weeks in advance.
The play of society, tragedy, farce,
The musical "show" where the raiment is sparse;
Ade, Ibsen—whatever you chance to prefer
Is here at your pleasure. Seats, \$2.00 per (haps).
Come, hasten into the theatrical mart;
We'll witness once more Commerce posing as Art.

Arthur D. Pratt.

What Became of Warden Goode

GEORGIA! Ge-o-o-o-rgia! Are you there, Georgia?
What became of Warden Goode, who whipped to death
a sixteen-year-old boy at the Durham Coal Company's convict
camp in Northwest Georgia? Here's the story:

Given a year in the penitentiary for stealing two cans of potted ham, the boy one day spilled some hot coffee on a pig belonging to the warden. Keith says he was held down by two men while Goode struck him sixty-eight lashes with a heavy strap. The boy had to be carried to the hospital, and in a week he died. The death certificate gave consumption as the cause.

Excuse us, Georgia, but the story makes us interested in Warden Goode. Was he inconvenienced at all?

And it is true, we hope, as reported, Georgia, that you are about to abolish the hideous system which has been so long a scandal in several Southern States, and under which such dreadful cruelties have happened.



THE GREAT WHITE WAY

Medical Maxims

IT'S an ill wind that
blows the doctor good.
To err is normal; to cure
divine.

A patient in the office is
worth two in the grave.
Never operate during pe-
riods of depression, par-
ticularly financial.

It is better to have oper-
ated and lost, than never
to have operated at all.

A stitch in time saves em-
barrassment.

An ounce of pretension is
worth a pound of cure.

When patients relapse, it's
nature's fault; when they
die, it's their own.

IF you take advantage of
your opportunities you
will acquire a competence;
if you take advantage of
other people's you will be-
come a millionaire.

Sanctum Talks

"GOOD MORNING, LIFE!"
"Good morning—why, bless my soul! How are you, Mr. Taft?"
"Nicely, thank you. But perhaps a trifle."

"Not worried?"
"Well, hardly that. Of course, I'll get it."

"Of course you will, Mr. Taft. I don't see why."

"Why I am uneasy—just a little? I'll explain. I'm extremely conscientious."

"Certainly! That's part of the Yale course."

"And when I think of the great responsibility it makes me"

"Tremble!"
"That's it! You've hit it, LIFE. I tremble, for fear"

"For fear that you won't be able to fulfill your obligations. Well, Mr. Taft, I wish I could say something to encourage you."

"Can't you think of anything? My conscience"

"That's just it! No, I can't. You see, in order to be really decent about it, you will have to see that the next Congress fritters away on appropriations and general extravagances as many billions as the last one did. Otherwise the previous administration will be discredited."

"I know it."
"Then, as an honest and honorable man, you can't do anything to disturb our business interests by fooling with the tariff."

"Certainly not."
"It wouldn't do, in your attitude toward the financial interests, such as Standard Oil and the rest, to be anything more than a good politician."

"I should say not!"
"To call them occasional names and jog them up a little for public effect, while not going so far as to injure your prospects for a second term—all this is delicate business."

"Exactly so!"
"Then the Grand Old Republican Party! Mr. Taft, as an honorable man, you will naturally see that the men who control it don't lose anything. It's a regular business with them. They are so well established at it now, that it wouldn't do for them to employ a candidate who wouldn't conserve their interests."

"Surely!"
"Of course it wouldn't do for them to select any one who was *too* much their tool. They pick out a reasonably honest man, like you, who stands well

LIFE'S Wall Street Column



ERIE UNCHANGED



NORTHERN PACIFIC



THE CLOSING WAS WEAK

with the public, to be sure of election, and then they expect to control as much of the rest of you as is left over after the public demand has been satisfied. Eh, Mr. Taft?"

"I am afraid that's so."

"And the newspaper editors who are with you, and whose money is interested in the stocks that are also owned by the men who control the aforesaid Grand Old Party—you'll have to be good to them. They are looking for ambassadors' jobs and other distinguished emoluments."

"Don't I know it! Can't you say anything soothing or encouraging?"

"Wish I could, Mr. Taft. But you see, as an honest and conscientious person, you have a sacred and monumental duty to perform."

"That's why I tremble."

"That's why I tremble for you—for fear, of course, that you may fall short of your own obligations. Good morning, and may your shadow never be"

"G-good morning, LIFE!"

"Good morning, Mr. Taft!"

Warning

EDITOR: You want to be careful about McGrubbins. You know he is aggressive and likely to sue us for libel.

REPORTER: What have I done?

"Why, the other day you spoke of him as a possible candidate for Vice-President on the Prohibition ticket."

What a Medical Paper Thinks

THE sun do move; public opinion, when duly and persistently prodded, does advance. We find a no less responsible organ of the medical profession than the *New York Medical Times* quoted as saying:

We have admitted that abuses do exist in the practice of vivisection. We are perfectly willing to be derided as a zo-ophilist or sentimentalist, in advocating legislation to prevent cruelty to the lower animals. Indeed, it is too late in the day to consider whether such legislation ought to exist.

Vivisection ought to be limited to the holders of medical degrees or licenses and to scientific students of biologic branches, devoted to research and teaching.

One and the Same

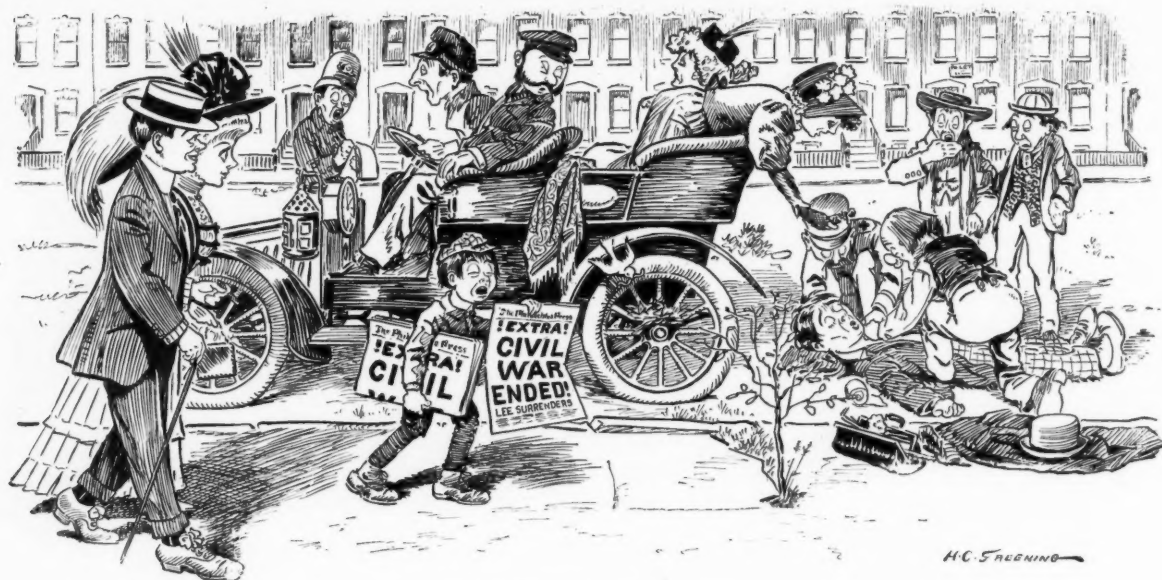
THE STUDENT (writing an essay): Say, Gov, which is right, "Woman, thy name is frailty," or "Frailty, thy name is woman"?

HIS FATHER: Both, my boy.

Copyright 1908 by Life Publishing Company



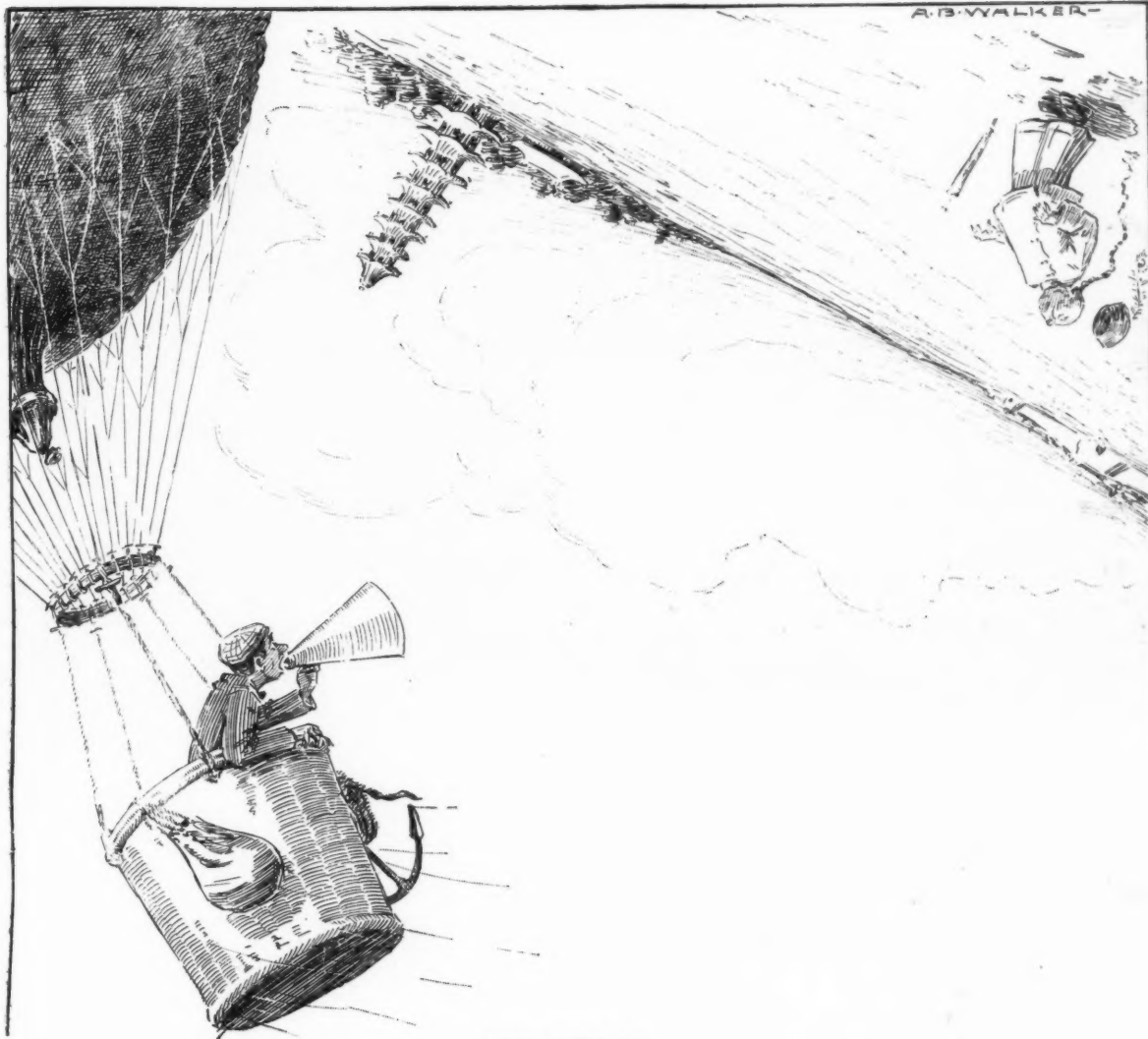
THE HUNTER'S MOON



AN ACCIDENT IN PH-L-D-LPH-A.

Mrs. Manhattan: WHAT! HURT BY AN AUTO! DEAR ME, A LAME OCTOGENARIAN COULD GET OUT OF THE WAY!

Mr. Manhattan: HE WASN'T STRUCK BY IT. HE WAS LEANING UP AGAINST IT ASLEEP, AND WHEN IT STARTED HE FELL.



LOST IN THE SKY
"GREAT HEAVENS! IS THIS CHINA?"

His Fault

SHE: You married me for my money.
HE: Yes, that's the real trouble. I didn't take you enough into consideration.



"WHAT! NO FLIES ON THE BILL OF FARE?"

How to Read the Newspapers

1. Remember that no paper can be successfully maintained nowadays unless it has large capital back of it, and that this capital is provided by moneyed interests.
2. That the editor is not engaged in telling the truth, but in presenting such material as will "catch" the greatest number of readers, without conflicting with the "interests" of the owners.
3. That next to the owners, and their interests, advertisers have to be considered.

MASTER: I'm sorry to hear, Pat, that your wife is dead.

PATRICK: Faith an' 'tis a sad day for us all, sir! The hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket.

• LIFE •

The Senate Sent It Back

(Dedicated to nearly any State Legislature.)

THE members of the House one day were working on a bill;

They filled it chock with poppycock just wild enough to thrill,
And when it was completed, and nothing seemed to lack—
They sent it to the Senate, but the Senate sent it back—
Said the thing was out o' whack.

So the House piled more amendments to the hurly-burly
stack;

Viewed their work with calm conviction, and with nerve
more strong than knack

They sent it to the Senate, but the Senate sent it back.

The Senate sent a message that was tintured with a slur—
"In these absurd amendments the Senate can't concur."

But the House grew wild with fury, and said: "We'll have
no slack."

So they sent it to the Senate, but the Senate sent it back—
Said the HOUSE was out o' whack;

They hoped that some Samaritan would put them on the
track.

But the House, as mad as fiddlesticks, just wouldn't stand
the crack—

They sent it to the Senate, and the Senate sent it back.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN: I went down in the slums
yesterday to see that poor family I spoke to you about.

HER HUSBAND: Are they in a bad way?

"I never saw worse. Why they are so poor that they
have to live in a Trinity Church tenement."

A Letter

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Aug. 1, 1908.

To the Editor of LIFE:

Sir—I am heartily in sympathy with the spirit of your
crusade against vivisection, and I hope you will have all the
success possible. I know little about the subject, too little,
perhaps, to justify this letter; but my justification must come
from my desire to see the result effected. It seems to me
that vivisection, conducted by earnest and competent men,
has been, and will be, of great benefit to the human race. If
I am not mistaken, one important discovery we owe to it, the
discovery of the circulation of the blood. You will pardon
me if I misunderstand your position, but I believe that you
are contending against vivisection as a whole. Now, don't
you think that if you limited your crusade to that sort of
vivisection which is absolutely useless, or is carried on with-
out every possible effort being taken to prevent suffering for
the animal, and I admit that is a large part, your cause would
be greatly strengthened, and would appeal to more people?

K. W. Hunter.

WE do not wish to contradict our correspondent, but the
statement that the discovery of the circulation of the
blood was due to vivisection has been emphatically denied.

Vivisection is always practical in private, and we consider
restriction practically impossible. The medical profession
would continue in absolute control, which means no restric-
tion. Its vehement opposition to the mildest regulation has
made its intentions perfectly clear. Regulation in England
has been a complete failure. It could not be otherwise.

As to "every possible effort being taken to prevent suffer-
ing" we can only express an unqualified disbelief in the
mutilation of living animals without acute suffering.

PARKE: I'd like to have you help us out at bridge.
Play?

LANE: Not a very good game.

"So much the better. We play for money."



c. J. T.

Phyllis: DIDN'T WASHINGTON SAY IN UNION THERE IS
STRENGTH?"

Chester: NO, I THINK HE SAID "BEWARE OF ENTANGLING
ALLIANCES."

Confidential Guide to Religions

Baptist: Tank drama. Costumes inferior, but contains some
splendid acting. Too much red fire. With W. J. Rockefeller
as angel is booked for long Run.

Episcopal: Conventional piece in which actors walk through
their parts. Too much business, but contains some splendid
musical hits, and is admirably presented.

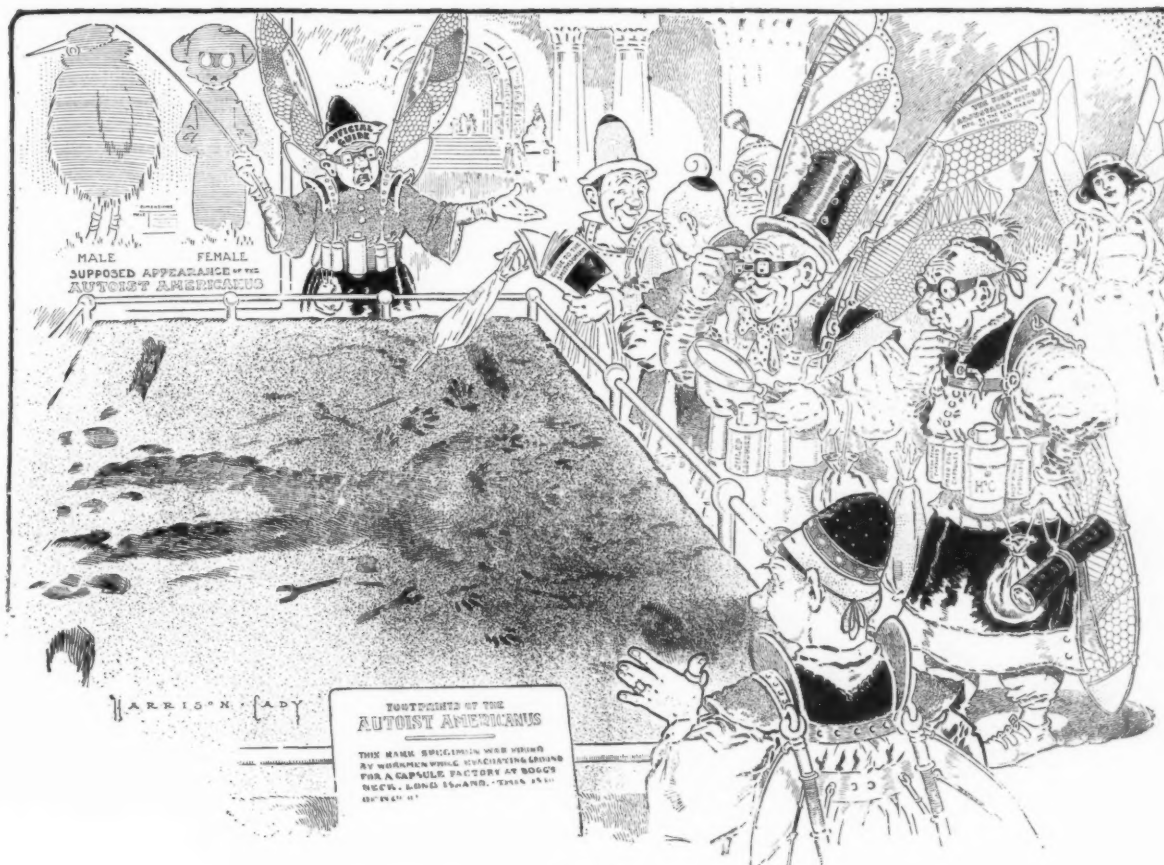
Methodist: Blood and thunder farce. Splendidly emo-
tional, but too much ranting. Would be greatly improved by
introduction of a few vaudeville specialties. Plot poor, but in
pieces like this no one expects plot.

Presbyterian: Gloomy and immoral. Should be avoided by
extreme young. Most of the actors are killed off without
hope. Leading parts taken by infants. Lurid drop curtain.
Has had a long run, but will have to be considerably modified
to be popular.

Christian Science: Extravaganza. Splendid illusions. In-
deed, it is almost impossible to detect them. One of the clev-
erest sleight-of-hand performances we have seen. Great money-
maker, but ephemeral.

Catholic: Unequalled anywhere for popular interest. For
stage business has no rival. A strong stock company, in which
all the members are stars. Bound to have a long run.

Unitarian: Full of human interest, but too realistic. Leaves
too little to imagination. A few fairy stories would help it.
Weak in last act.



A. D. 2907

Official Guide: NOW, GENTLEMEN, WE COME TO THAT RAREST OF SPECIMENS, THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE AUTOIST AMERICANUS. THIS INTERESTING CREATURE SEEMS TO HAVE ABOUNDED IN ALL PARTS OF THE CIVILIZED WORLD, AND TO HAVE ESPECIALLY THRIVED IN THE SANDY SOIL OF LONG ISLAND. WE WILL NOW PASS ON.

A Misunderstanding



THE bluff at Ocean Crest looked down upon a waste of sand, a straggly stretch of cottages, and a weather-beaten hotel—a perfect type of those architectural monstrosities that line our coast.

Two people were sitting on top of the bluff—alone.

The girl was turning the leaves of a book. The man was smoking.

"Has it occurred to you," he said, "that we have known each other a whole week?"

"Dear me!" she ejaculated. "How time flies! You came the day I began this book—and I haven't finished it yet."

"Isn't it good?"

"Oh,—as it goes—a feeble little love story."

"You don't care for love stories?"

"No! Do you?"

"Not I! And that reminds me! Rather singular, isn't it, that we've known each other a whole week, and neither of us has mentioned the subject."

"Why should we? That would indicate that we had been thinking about it, and I can assure you, so far as I am concerned, nothing has been farther from my thoughts."

"Nor from mine—until just now."

"What started you?"

"Why, I think it was more curiosity than anything else. It's so common, you know."

"It's common only to those people who don't know any better."

He looked at her in some wonderment.

"I infer," he said, "that you have never been in love."

"Never! Have you?"

"No."

"Then it's an even thing, and just as it should be."

(To be continued on page 246.)

(Continued from page 245.)

He paused a moment, and then said, reflectively: "Somebody must have loved you."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. Possibly, also, you"—

He smiled.

"Well, I suppose so. By the way, you don't look like a misanthrope. You're a handsome girl—your spirits are good—there's nothing morbid about you. Surely your attitude toward this thing called love is not a cynical one."

"Dear me, no! And might I say the same thing of you?"

"What! That I am handsome?"

"Well, perhaps I shouldn't have said that. Men are so vain, you know, that they swallow everything in the nature of a compliment. What I mean is that you are no misanthrope, either. Surely you are not a cynic."

This time he laughed aloud.

"My attitude about the whole affair is quite simple," he said. "It's a question of common sense. I live in town, on a moderate salary. I have a nice bachelor apartment, and I do as I please. I am ambitious, and believe that I can satisfy my ambition better if I am unhampered. All this seems selfish. But in reality it is not so. It is simply cold, hard logic. For, suppose I should do the unselfish act—so-called—and get married. The chances are that I might not make my wife happy. Somehow or other, the modern conditions don't seem to favor the success of this sort of thing. I see so much marital unhappiness among my friends. And so, as a reasonable being, I am going to keep out of it. How about you?"

She smiled.

"You have voiced my sentiments pretty well," she replied. "From my own standpoint, I agree with you perfectly. I wouldn't get married for the world. I have a lovely time, splendid loyal friends, and I really have opportunities to do so much good. Of course, I don't do as much as I might, but I'm doing more and more all the time. Next winter I expect to join a class in settlement work. The fact is that nowadays it doesn't pay to fall in love. I am only sorry that you mentioned the subject."

"Why?"

"Well, you know, it's an awfully insidious thing, and sometimes the mere suggestion of it is enough to"—

"Great Scott! Do you think there is any danger in our case?"

She looked at him calmly.

"Certainly not. But you know it is a thing to be avoided. Why, it would spoil everything between us. Dear me! It almost gets me into a panic to think about it. I hope you feel the same way."

He gazed at her gravely.

"I can assure you I do," he replied. "Why, I wouldn't fall in love with you for anything. It would be the end of everything, wouldn't it? And the worst of it is that neither of us has been in love before. And of course that makes it so much harder."

"I don't understand you."

"Why, we might not know it. It might steal over us unawares—seems to me I have read somewhere that's the way it affects some people. But I know better than that. I know it does."

"How do you know?"

He shook his head.

"Now, that isn't fair," he said. "Because you already think me conceited. But put it to yourself. You have had men fall in love with you, haven't you? Why, you just said so."

"Yes."

"Well, didn't they slip into it before they knew what they were about? Why, I dare say what might have been in an entirely unconscious manner—without the slightest idea of loving you—and then suddenly found themselves head over heels."

"Well, yes. I remember one or two like that."

"Then here's the point: I don't know about it, because I have never been in love. But you do, because you've observed it in other men, and you've been able to tell exactly, because you were an interested spectator. Now, this being the case, it's your duty to tell me. Don't hesitate a minute. Remember the awful consequences and be firm. If you ever see anything about me to indicate that I may be falling in love with you, you must warn me at once. Now, won't you?"

"On one condition."

"And that?"

"That you do the same thing with me."

"But you might not like that—I might offend you. Suppose I should take you aside and tell you frankly that so far as I was concerned there was danger. Why, you'd think me more conceited than ever, and it would anger you."

"It would—certainly—if I hadn't asked you to do it beforehand. But not as long as the matter is thoroughly understood between us. Only, of course, I must reserve the privilege of still having my own opinion."

"Oh, certainly! All I can do is to say 'Beware!' or 'Be careful!' and then, if you don't choose to take the warning, why, that's your affair."

"Well, it might not be my affair altogether. I might take you aside and warn you, and you might not believe me—then that would be your affair, also."

"Certainly, but it would then be an even thing. We would still be quits. Now, when shall we begin?"

"At once."

"All right. Your hand upon it."

They shook hands solemnly.

Then he looked at her keenly.

"Your face is serious," he said. "There's a shade of anxiety in it. What is it? You don't mean to say that already you suspect"—

She returned his look.

"Yes," she said, "I do. I'm really worried about you."

"You don't tell me! Well, isn't it fine we've made this agreement? Because now there isn't the faintest possibility of our getting in love with each other without knowing it far enough ahead to prevent it. I only hope you are not annoyed with me, or feel that just because you've noticed something—whatever it is—that it's going to make any difference between us. Because I swear I shall not permit it. Come, now, what have you noticed?"

She gazed out over the distant ocean at the smoke of a steam yacht that was lazily crawling eastward.

"I didn't like the fact," she said, "that you mentioned love at all. That in itself was a bad sign. I thought of it myself—once or twice—and took good care not to mention it. But you—well, you blurted it right out. If you hadn't been dwelling on it more or less you wouldn't have spoken about it. And I tell you, my friend, you can't even think about it—it isn't safe."

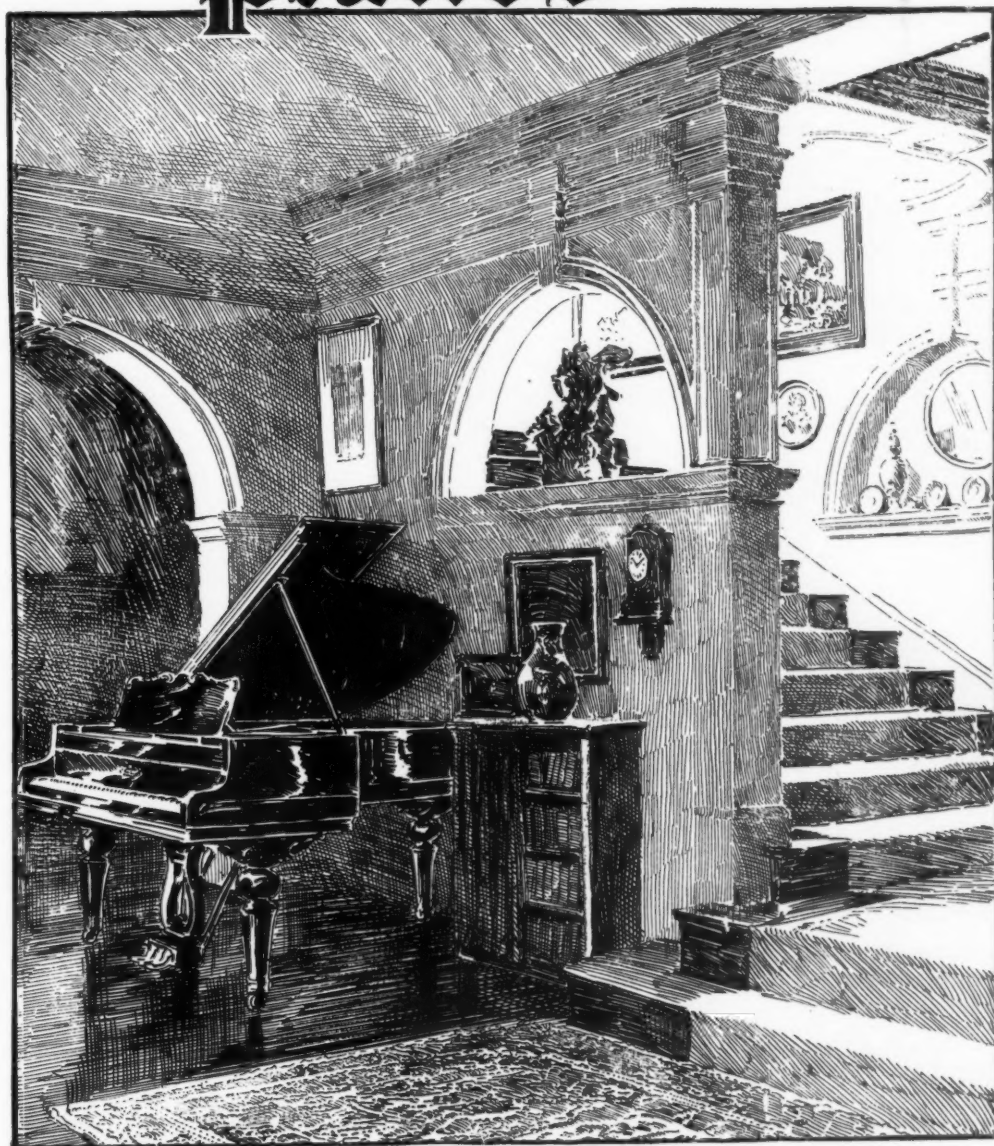
"Anything else?"

"Yes—you shook hands with me."

"What of that? Two men would have done the same thing."

(Continued on page 252.)

Chickering pianos



THE RESULT OF SKILL, inspired by a keen appreciation of the artistic and a desire to live up to an enviable reputation, directed by the latest scientific knowledge, and practical experience gained by eighty-five years of piano building. ¶ The resulting excellence, both as to tone, touch and general staying power, is the reason and the only reason for the uniformly high favor in which it is held in exclusive musical circles. ¶ It is conceded to be a standard of comparison for all other makes.

Made Solely by **CHICKERING & SONS**

796 Tremont Street

PIANOFORTE MAKERS

Boston, Mass.

Established 1821



At the Courts of the Old World

The supremacy of the Steinway Piano is unquestioned. Its fame is spread broadcast all over the globe. Its status wherever music holds sway is that of premiership.

Search the annals of the world and no other house in any line can be found that has been distinguished by such an array of honors. The Royal and Imperial Houses of the Old World have nearly all signally honored the House of Steinway by appointment as Pianoforte Manufacturers to their respective courts.

Two such royal appointments have been just recently made: H. R. H. the Princess of Wales and the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrowitch (brother of the present Czar of Russia) having designated Steinway & Sons by royal warrants as their official piano manufacturers.

Such recognition can be the result of but one thing—the **International Supremacy of the Steinway Piano.**

That the Steinway represents the highest achievement in piano construction

ever attained is self-evident. For your own satisfaction examine a Steinway Miniature Grand (Price \$800) or a Steinway Vertegrand (Price \$550), ebonized cases. Steinway Pianos can be bought of any authorized Steinway dealer at New York prices, with cost of transportation added. Illustrated catalogue and booklets sent on request and mention of this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS
Steinway Hall
107 and 109 East 14th St.
New York

Subway Express Station at the Door.



VERTEGRAND—EBONIZED CASE
PRICE \$550

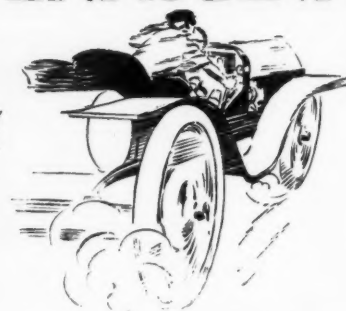


MINIATURE
GRAND
EBONIZED
CASE
PRICE
\$800

When You Stop After Speeding

it is a most profitable practice to cool your tires by running a little water over them. This is the invariable method abroad, but seldom practiced here. Left hot from friction in the sun, the best of tires suffer more or less deterioration. Take pride in making good mileage records for your tires. You cannot do this better than by first equipping your car with

PENNSYLVANIA CLINCHER TIRES



Our new book — "Factory Facts" tells how we make good tires and how tires must be made to be as good as ours

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO.
JEANNETTE, PA.

Buffalo: 717 Main St.
Detroit: 237 Jefferson Ave.
San Francisco: 512 Mission St.
New York: 1741 Broadway
Chicago: 1241 Michigan Ave.
Boston: 167 Oliver St.
Cleveland: 21434-6 East Ninth St.



(Continued from page 250.)

"Ah! But one man wouldn't have squeezed the other's hand—the way you did mine."

"And the other man wouldn't have returned the squeeze—the way you did mine."

"What! I didn't."

"You may not have meant it. But you did."

"It was purely unconscious."

"I have no doubt of it. It only goes to show that you, too"—

"It isn't so," she replied, angrily. "You started the whole thing."

"But you just admitted that you, too, had been thinking of love even before I spoke of it. The only difference between us was that I spoke first—as, of course, I naturally would."

"Then in your exalted opinion, sir, I am falling in love with—you?"

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that. But I really think there may be some slight danger."

"What insolence on your part!"

"Didn't we make an agreement?"

"Yes. But I told you the truth, and you"—

"Pardon me, but the very fact that you are angry about it shows there is some truth in what I've said. Otherwise you wouldn't have been angry—you wouldn't have cared."

"Well, I don't know. When I told you the truth about yourself you weren't angry. Why, you actually seemed pleased to think you had been falling in love with me."

"But that was only because I controlled myself. Secretly I was put out about it. I can assure you. Then, again, I was so grateful to you for having told me that"—

She rose hastily.

"There's no use in discussing the matter any further," she said, her face crimson. "Let us go back. It is quite evident that our very pleasant companionship is at an end."

"But why?" he pleaded, following her. "Surely we can restrain ourselves. Surely, now that we know the truth, half the battle is won. All we have to do is to be on our guard."

"Speak for yourself, please. We must part—at once."

"But why?"

She turned upon him triumphantly.

"Your question is itself the answer. As long as you would rather not part from me, that in itself is enough to prove that we ought to. Isn't it?"

"That's so. I hadn't thought of that."

There was a long silence as they made their way back to the hotel. There seemed, indeed, nothing else to say. It was all too obvious.

He caught glimpses of her all that afternoon and evening, but that was all. She purposely avoided him, and, somehow, he seemed to feel that it would be wrong to intrude upon her.

The next morning, however, his mind was made up. He resolved to act.

He looked for her everywhere, but he could not find her.

Finally he inquired at the desk.

And then he learned, to his dismay, that she had taken the 8:30 train to town. She had left no address. That was, however, an easy matter.

He followed on the 2 o'clock train. He rushed to his club. In the blue book there was a list of names like hers. He got a cab and began at one end of it.

His third call was successful.

The maid took his card upstairs in silence.

He waited some time. Then there was the rustle of a skirt.

"Well, sir, you have found me out. Why did you come?"

"I came to tell you that you were wrong."

"In what way?"

"You inferred that there was danger of my falling in love with you. That is not true. A day away from you shows me that I am not a little in love with you, but a great deal, indeed—that I cannot live without you."

"You really love me?"

"I adore you."

"But your reasoning of yesterday?"

"Amounts to nothing. As if reason ever did, compared with love. Dearest, I have forgotten everything else, except this one fact—that you are necessary for me—that I must have you."

He came over and drew her to him. He put his arms around her.

"Tell me, dearest," he said, "that you will be mine."
She tossed her head.
"Only on one condition," she said. "That you take back that horrid thing you said about me yesterday."
"What was that?"
"Why, that I was in love with you."
Her head sank on his shoulder.
"For you know it wasn't true!"

My Dog

THE curate thinks you have no soul;
I know that he has none. But you
Dear friend! whose solemn self-control
In our four-square, familiar pew,

Was pattern to my youth—whose bark
Called me in summer dawns to rove—
Have you gone down into the dark
Where none is welcome, none may love?

I will not think those good brown eyes
Have spent their light of truth so soon;
But in some canine Paradise
Your wraith, I know, rebukes the moon,

And quarters every plain and hill,
Seeking its master. * * * As for me,
This prayer at least the gods fulfill:
That when I pass the flood, and see

Old Charon by the Stygian coast
Take toll of all the shades who land,
Your little, faithful, barking ghost
May leap to lick my phantom hand.

—Outlook.

"The Smiths"

JOHN SMITH—plain John Smith—is not very high-sounding; it does not suggest aristocracy; it is not the name of any hero in die-away novels; and yet it is good, strong and honest. Transferred to other languages it seems to climb the ladder of respectability. Thus in Latin it is Johannes Smithus; the Italian smooths it off into Giovanni Smithi; the Spaniards render it Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts it as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten it out into Jean Smeet; and the Russian sneezes and barks Jonloff Smittowski. When John Smith gets into the tea trade in Canton he becomes Jovan Shimmit; if he clammers about Mount Hecla, the Icelanders say he is Jahne Smithson; if he trades among the Tuscaroras he becomes Ton Qa Smittia; in Poland he is known as Ivan Schmittiweiski; should he wander among the Welsh mountains, they talk of Jihon Schmiddy; when he goes to Mexico he is booked as Jontli F'Smitti; if of classic turn he lingers among Greek ruins, he turns to 'Ion Smikton; and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as Yoe Seef.—*Phrenological Journal*.

Gentle Reproof


HENRY B. STANFORD, for several years the leading man with Sir Henry Irving's company, tells this good story of the famous actor: "Sir Henry's wit was of an almost Voltairian character. Once while I was rehearsing 'Faust' with him at the Lyceum Theatre in London—we were doing the Brockin scene and he had occasion to reprove an army of exuberant supers—he stopped the rehearsal and all was silence. Then, in that quiet, grim way of his, he said: 'Very charming—but you must remember that you are in hell—not picnicking on Hampstead Heath.'"—*Rochester Herald*.

A Brief Introduction

"LONG introductions when a man has a speech to make are a bore," says former Senator John C. Spooner. "I have had all kinds, but the most satisfactory one in my career was that of a German Mayor of a small town in my State, Wisconsin.

"I was to make a political address, and the opera house was crowded. When it came time to begin, the Mayor got up.

"'Mine friends,' he said, 'I haf asked been to introduce Senator Spooner, who is to make a speech, yes. Vell, I haf dit so, und he vill now do so.'"—*Literary Digest*.



Dean's

CATERING DEPARTMENT

TAKES ENTIRE CHARGE OF
WEDDING RECEPTIONS

furnishing complete the Wedding Breakfast, including the necessary service, thoroughly trained English waiters, doormen, coatmen, ladies' maids and musicians, also carriage men, the canopy and floral decorations. Wedding cake in boxes, special favors for the bridal party, the bride's cake, etc.

Dean's

Established in 1839
572 Fifth Avenue, New York
(Near 47th Street)



Black Horn CHAMOIS

is the genuine velvet-like Chamois used years ago for all household and saddlery purposes. It is tanned in cod oil by the old French hand processes and is guaranteed not to harden.

We are the first and only manufacturers branding our Chamois and guaranteeing its quality. If it isn't perfect you return it to us by mail and get a new piece or your money back.

Insist upon Black Horn Chamois and you will get the best; or send direct to us. Sizes 1-1½-2-3-4-5 and 6 sq. ft. Price 25c per sq. ft.

Warm Chamois Garments

Our Washable Chamois Hunting Jackets, Shirts, Vests, Drawers, etc., afford ideal protection from cold. Hundreds of them are worn by sportsmen, automobilists and doctors. All garments made to order. Write for booklet showing Chamois in colors.

BLACK HORN LEATHER CO.
18 Tannery St., GREAT BEND, PA.



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

FELINE CONVERTS

One of our popular New England lecturers tells this old but always amusing story.

A street boy of diminutive stature was trying to sell some very young kittens to passers-by. One day he accosted the late Rev. Phillips Brooks, asking him to purchase, and recommending them as good Episcopal kittens. Dr. Brooks laughingly refused,



A SKY PILOT

thinking them too small to be taken from their mother. A few days later a Presbyterian minister who had witnessed this episode was asked by the same boy to buy the same kittens. This time the lad announced that they were faithful Presbyterians.

"Didn't you tell Dr. Brooks last week that they

were Episcopal kittens?" the minister asked sternly. "Yes sir," replied the boy quickly, "but they's had their eyes opened since then, sir."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

NOT ENCOURAGING

YOUNG HOWARD: Is Miss Smith in?

WAITRESS: Yes, sir.

YOUNG HOWARD: Can I see her?

WAITRESS: Yes. Go round to the side of the house an' peek through the blinds and you can see her in there with Mr. Bartow.—*Harper's Bazar*.

AN ANALOGY

In the late financial stringency a clerk in one of the New York banks was trying to explain to a stolid old Dutchman why the bank could not pay cash to depositors as formerly, and was insisting that he be satisfied with Clearing House checks. But the old man could not grasp the situation, and finally the president of the bank was called upon to enlighten the dissatisfied customer. After a detailed explanation of the financial situation the president concluded, "Now, my good man, you understand, don't you?"

"Yes," dubiously replied the Dutchman, "I think I understand. It's just like this; ven my baby wakes up in der night and cries for milk, I give her a milk ticket."—*Harper's Weekly*.

TEACHING OF EXPERIENCE

Dr. Ethelbert Gilbert, of Duluth, is willing in marriage ceremonies to omit, whenever requested to, the obnoxious "to obey."

One of Dr. Gilbert's parishioners took him to task about this matter the other day.

"What right have you," he said, "to tamper with the marriage ceremony?"

Dr. Gilbert, not at all perturbed, laughed easily.

"Oh, well," he said, "that 'obey' is a dead letter anyway. The very best woman in the world promised to obey me eighteen years ago, but she hasn't to this day."—*Kansas City Journal*.

If Yale bestows the suggested mark of her favor on Mr. Morgan, Harvard may find E. H. Harriman and her own alumnus, August Belmont, in a receptive mood. J. J. Hill and Thomas Fortune Ryan could wear the college toga with becoming grace. But if the fashion grows and chairmen of the board begin to acquire honorary degrees as they have hitherto acquired railroads, future editions of "Who's Who" will be diversified by such entries as "E. H. Harriman, U.P., S.P., I.C., O.S.L., LL.D., M.A., etc."—*New York World*.

"NATURE makes nothing in vain," said the philosopher.

"Perhaps," answered Colonel Stilwell. "Though I can't quite explain the presence of a great big beautiful mint bed in a local option county."—*The News*.

"I AM tired of seeing that everlasting mackerel brought in for breakfast," grumbled a boarder, "and I intend to speak to the landlady about it." Some of his fellow-victims applauded, but most of them doubted his courage. The matter was under discussion when the landlady appeared. "Miss Prunella," began the bold boarder, "I was about to say in regard to the mackerel that we desire a change." "It's good mackerel," responded the landlady, grimly, "and there will be no change." "Then for heaven's sake," resumed the bold boarder, "order the girl to bring it in tail first for a while."—*Argonaut*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE is for sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Brems

Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England. AGENTS. Brentano's, 37 Ave. de l'Opera, Paris; also at Saabach's News Exchanges, 1, New Coventry Street, Leicester Square, W. London; 9, Rue St. Georges, Paris; 1, Via Firenze, Milan; Mayence, Germany.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted, and are not to be reproduced without special permission obtained in advance.

Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.

THOSE who have been made young again by their vacation can keep up the good work by drinking

Evans' Ale

IT supplies, in a most natural and delightful way, the stamina to withstand the wear and waste of body and brain.

In splits as well as regular size bottles

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

The Hit of the Hour, "Richard's Poor Almanack," beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book, sent for 10c.


Address White Rock, Flatiron Building, N. Y.

No. 4776 WHITE ROSE
Glycerine Soap



The Secret of a Healthy and Beautiful Skin
 A perfect complexion is assured to all who use this Soap. Its transparency is a sign of its purity.


FERD. MÜLHENS, Cologne o/R, Germany
MÜLHENS & KROPPF, 298 Broadway, New York
 Send 15 cents in stamps for a full size sample cake



PHILIP MORRIS
 ORIGINAL LONDON
CIGARETTES

have ranked first among
 the critical for over
 half a century.

CAMBRIDGE **AMBASSADOR**
 in boxes of ten the after-dinner size
25c. **35c.**





**HOT ?
 TIRED ?
 THIRSTY ?**

DRINK
Coca-Cola

**COOLING
 REFRESHING
 THIRST-QUENCHING**

GET THE GENUINE
5c.
Everywhere



The Flying Roadster

OLDSMOBILE

From every point of view the Oldsmobile is adequate; For the speed lover adequate in power; For the park rider adequate in style, luxury, and ease of control; For the inveterate tourist, adequate in strength and reliability. For everyone it is

The logical car at the logical price.
Roadster, \$2,750 Touring Car, \$2,750

Member Association
 of Licensed
 Automobile
 Manufacturers.

**OLDS MOTOR WORKS,
 LANSING, MICH.**

OLDSMOBILE CO.
 of Canada,
 80 King St., East,
 Toronto, Ont.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

A PHILOSOPHICAL FOWL

An aristocrat rooster of Custer,
With feathers of luminous luster,
Remarked, "It is just,
Man returns to his dust;
While I evolve to a duster."—*Success*.

RIP VAN WINKLE

Rip Van Winkle returned from his long sleep looking fresh as a daisy, and made his way to the village barber shop, not only because he needed a hair-cut and shave, but also because he wished to catch up on the news.

"Let's see," said he to the barber, after he was safely tucked in the chair, "I've been asleep twenty years, haven't I?"

"Yep," replied the tonsorialist.

"Have I missed much?"

"Nope, we bin standin' pat."

"Has Congress done anything yet?"

"Not a thing."

"Jerome done anything?"

"Nope."

"Platt resigned?"

"Nope."

"Panama Canal built?"

"Nope."

"Bryan been elected?"

"Nope."

"Carnegie poor?"

"Nope."

"Well, say," said Rip, rising up in the chair, "never mind shaving the other side of my face. I'm going back to sleep again."—*Success*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

AN AMBIGUITY

The English Winston Churchill's reputation for wit is well known, and on one occasion he made a neat little joke at the expense of a self-opinionated army officer. The incident occurred during a dinner in South Africa, and Mr. Churchill and the officer were seated side by side. Throughout the meal the latter was airing his views, until at last Churchill could stand it no longer. "Do you know," he said quietly, "I met a man to-day who would gladly forfeit £50 for the pleasure of being able to kick you!"

"To kick me, sir!" exclaimed the astonished soldier. "I must ask you to tell me his name at once!"

"Oh," replied Winston, "I'm not quite sure that I ought to do that."

"But I insist on knowing," demanded the other, angrily.

"Well, then, I suppose I must tell you. It was a poor young fellow in the hospital who has lost both his legs by the bursting of a shell."—*Cleveland Leader*.

STILL SUSCEPTIBLE

He was a nervous, fidgety young man, and he looked with considerable apprehension at the woman next him, who held a baby, its face covered with a thick veil. The baby gave now and then a sharp cry, which the woman evidently tried to suppress.

At last, after many anxious glances, the young man spoke.

"Has—has that baby any—anything contagious?" he asked.

The woman looked at him with a mixture of scorn and pity.

"Twouldn't be for most folks," she said, in a clear, carrying tone, "but maybe 'twould for you. He's teething."—*Youth's Companion*.

EVE: What are you thinking about, Adam?

ADAM: I was thinking that, no matter what kind of a record we make we can't charge much to heredity. —*The News*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous."



Infuse Into Those Wan White Cheeks The Ruddy Glow of Perfect Health

Is your complexion pallid and colorless? Are you listless and without vitality or ambition? Pretty sure signs these, that your blood has become impoverished. You are suffering from anaemia. There is nothing fatal about this malady in itself, but unless checked, more serious complications may result. Rapid growth or too much study frequently saddles this dreaded disease on young shoulders, sapping the vitality from boys and girls at just the age when it is most needed.

Pabst Extract The "Best" Tonic

is a powerful reconstructive agent and ideal nutrient for the anaemic. It contains the rich, tissue building elements of barley malt combined with the tonic properties of choicest hops. It retains all the food values of barley grain in predigested form and carries in it muscle, tissue and blood-making constituents. The nourishment thus offered is readily assimilated by the system and rapidly transformed into rich, red blood, giving men and women strength and energy to fight their daily battles.

Pabst Extract, The "Best" Tonic, being a predigested liquid food, is welcomed by the weakest stomach. It relieves insomnia, conquers dyspepsia, strengthens the weak, builds up the overworked, helps the anaemic, feeds the nerves, assists nursing mothers and invigorates old age.

At All Druggists—Insist Upon it Being Pabst

Booklet and Picture "Baby's First Adventure" sent free on request.

PABST EXTRACT CO.

DEPT. 12

MILWAUKEE, WIS

Ask any ten discriminating persons with sound white teeth what dentifrice they use, and nine out of the ten will tell you



CALOX
THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER
ALL DRUGGISTS 25 CENTS

Trial Size Can and Booklet sent on receipt of Five Cents.
McKesson & Robbins, 91-97 Fulton Street, New York

Crouch & Fitzgerald

TRUNKS, BAGS and CASES

177 Broadway
Above Cortlandt.

688 Broadway
Below 4th St.

723 Sixth Avenue
Below 42d St.



AUTO and WARDROBE TRUNKS

Great Western EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE



The only American Champagne to receive a gold medal at Paris Exposition.

It was acknowledged by Parisians to be equal to the best French wines. The absence of duty reduces the cost 50 per cent.

PLEASANT VALLEY
WINE CO.
Sole Makers
RHEIMS, N. Y.

THE COLLIER TOURS (AWAY-FROM-THE-USUAL)

Japan Trans-Siberia
and
ROUND THE WORLD
EUROPE

BY MOTOR CAR and TRAIN DE LUXE
Berkeley Building, Boston



"No one who smokes
**SURBRUG'S
ARCADIA
MIXTURE**

could ever attempt to describe its delights."
The Tobaccos are all aged. Age improves flavor; adds mildness; prevents biting. In the blending, seven countries, from Latakia to America, are called upon. Surbrug's "Arcadia" is in a class by itself—nothing so rich in flavor—so exhilarating in quality. A mild stimulant.

At Your Dealer's.
SEND 10 CENTS for sample which will convince.
THE SURBRUG COMPANY
132 Reade Street New York.

TAFT

You've got the girth, handshake, smile,
To work the bluff;
Old Dr. Bryan's sure enough to find
You are "hot stuff."

The morning sun sheds his first ray,
Bill Taft, on you;
Just ere he sinks to you he chucks a kiss
In fond adieu.

For you "the big stick" swings, you lead the band;
But don't forget
"My policies" that you will have to tote—
Lord, how you'll sweat!

Boom the big family, smash the spelling book,
And to his lair,
Deep in his mountain fastnesses and wilds,
Pursue the bear;

With righteous wrath sweep down, annihilate
The men of stealth,
Those crafty rascals, "malefactors of
Great wealth."

Fine all "the predatory trusts" until
They're off the map;
If there's a "scrap" in progress straightway get
Into that "scrap."

Is "something doing" anywhere between
Tacoma and Cos Cob?
Get there with both feet in a jiffy and
You boss the job.

That is, you know, what Theodore would do,
With purpose grim,
And you, the heir of all his works and ways,
Must act like him.

Should any dare to contradict you, then,
With wrath, surprise,
Roar him down and tell the caitiff base,
He lies! he lies!

Be photographed on slightest provocation
And keep before us
The fact that you're the manager, the cast,
The orchestra, the ballet, and the chorus.

For little things like pestilence and war
And monetary panics we are ready;
But Heaven help us if we're not to get
Through William Taft another reign of Teddy!
—Times.

HIS EPITAPH

Secretary Cortelyou was elaborating his recent epigram, "Politics are a duty." With a smile he said: "I don't mean by politics spoil hunting and office seeking. Politics is a good and honorable word. It is a shame to have degraded it. We should try to uplift it again to its right place."

He paused, then went on:
"We don't want the word 'politics' to evoke the picture of such a man as Hilary Harkness."

"Hilary Harkness was a politician of the lowest type, and unsuccessful at that. His whole life was devoted to office seeking; he spent thirty-seven years vainly seeking a \$5000 office—hours 10 till 2—while his wife and daughter supported him by keeping a candy shop."

"Well, Hilary died at last. A modest shaft was put above his remains, and the executor asked the editor to suggest an epitaph to go upon the shaft."

"The editor thought a moment. Then he smiled, and slipping a sheet of paper in his typewriter, he clicked off:

.....
:
:
Here Lies
:
HILARY HARKNESS
:
in the only place
:
for which he never applied.
:
:
.....

—Washington Star.

WINCHESTER



Self-Loading Repeating Rifles

These rifles are made in .32, .35 and .351 High Power calibers. They can be loaded and fired with great rapidity and are strong and handy from butt to muzzle. A point in their favor is the economy and compactness of the modern cartridges they handle. Like all Winchesters, they are absolutely reliable.

Full illustrated description of these wonderful rifles sent free upon request. * * *

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

POSITION UNRIVALLED
IN
LONDON, ENGLAND.
THE
**LANGHAM
HOTEL,**

Portland Place and
Regent St., London, W.

FAMILY HOTEL OF
THE HIGHEST ORDER

In Fashionable and Healthy Locality.

Reduced
Inclusive
Terms
during
August
and
September

Water for Your Country Home

You may have every convenience of a city water supply in your country home and farm buildings—plenty of water delivered anywhere under strong pressure

by installing the
Kewanee System of Water Supply

No elevated tank to leak, freeze or collapse. No attic tank to freeze, leak or overflow. Tank is located in cellar or buried in the ground and water is delivered by air pressure.

Complete plants are furnished, including tank, pump and all. No charge is made for engineering service. Satisfactory results guaranteed. The cost is from \$75.00 for small outfit, and up, according to the requirements.

Write for 64-page illustrated catalog No. 13. It is free.

Kewanee Water Supply Co.
Kewanee, Illinois.
890 Marquette Bldg., Chicago.
1206 Hudson Terminal Bldg., 50 Church St., New York City.
710 Diamond Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh.

KOSMEO
Toilet Cream and
KOSMEO POWDER

Are used everywhere by women of refinement, who desire a fresh, clear, velvety complexion, free from pimples, blackheads, freckles, etc. Price 50c at dealers or by mail.

Send for Free Samples

of Kosmeo and Kosmeo Powder, and a valuable book about beauty. "The Story of Your Mirror"

Mrs. Gervase Graham
1365 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The
Finest
From Erin's
Isle

COMBER
IRISH WHISKEY

A
Tip Top
High Ball

Sold Everywhere.

The Waldorf-Astoria
Importation Co.
New York—Chicago
Sole Agents.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief
For
**PRICKLY HEAT,
CHAFING, and
SUNBURN,** and all afflictions
of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. Deodorant after shaving. Sold everywhere, or on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N.J.

IN THE LEGAL OVEN

In the days when Joseph Hodges Choate was a lawyer—which, of course, implies the days before he became a Peace Commissioner—a certain New York reporter, who is now reporting no more unless they run some sort of celestial gazette in Heaven, had to go to see him about a piece of news. It was a warm day in early June, but Mr. Choate had a big fire burning in the grate in his inner office.

As the interview was ending, the lawyer noticed his visitor's discomfort.

"Do you think it is warm here?" he inquired in mild surprise.

"Warm?" echoed the reporter, who had got his news and could now afford to be truthful. "It's as hot as an oven!"

"Indeed!" said Mr. Choate. "But then," he added, "it ought to be as hot as an oven, for, you see, I make my bread here."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

IN HIS LINE

An ambitious politician who has at various times been a candidate for public office has a son, a lad of eight, who, meditating upon the uncertainties of kingly existence, at last asked his mother:

"If the King of England should die, who would be King?"

"The Prince of Wales."

"And if he should die, who would be King?"

His mother turned the question off in some way, when the boy, with a deep breath, said:

"Well, anyway, I hope pa won't try for it."—*Harper's Magazine.*

HE KEPT THE SECRET

When the teacher was absent from the school-room Willie Jones wrote on the blackboard:

"Willie Jones can hug the girls better than any boy in school."

"William, did you write that?" asked the teacher upon her return.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, you may stay after school as punishment."

"Got a licking, didn't you?" asked one boy when Willie came out.

"Nope."

"Got jawed?" asked another.

"Nope."

"What did she do?"

"Shan't tell, but it pays to advertise."—*The Scrap Book.*

KEPT BUT NOT USED

GEORGE KAYES, clerk at the Fairmont, who is English but is ambitious to outgrow it, was discussing the endurance contest in Judge Lawlor's court. "Of course, I know you got your jury system from England," he said, "and so I suppose I ought not to criticise it. But this is a country of progress and you ought to try to make some improvements."

"Suggest one," interposed Attorney-General Lauck, who was passing.

"Well, you might allow more leeway in the matter of having opinions. Now, if I were a talesman I should not consider it a bar to jury service if I had an opinion. I could lay it aside while the trial was on."

"And what would you do with the opinion while it was laid aside?"

"I would keep it."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE PUNISHMENT FITS THE CRIME

A new consignment of punsters and professional jokers had just been brought before His Satanic Majesty to receive sentence.

"And what shall their punishment be, sire?" asked the Hades executioner.

"To the caldron with them," laughed Satan.

"Thus may it be put on record that to the very last they 'bubbled over with humor'!"—*Lippincott's.*

HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of
Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers **Tin Rollers**

THE WILLIAMS PRINTING COMPANY

The first Derby made in America was a

C. & K.



KNAPP-FELT De Luxe hats
are Six Dollars — Knapp-Felts
are Four Dollars, everywhere.

Write for "The Hatman"

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.

BROADWAY, AT THIRTEENTH ST., NEW YORK

Have You Ever Smoked IMPERIALES CIGARETTES

If you have, you know how distinctly different they are from all other cigarettes.

Imperiales Cigarettes enjoy a tremendous popularity among men who demand a real flavor in a cigarette, and who have learned through years of smoking Imperiales that this original cigarette, through its remarkable blend of tobacco and its pure, thin mais paper, supplies the most distinctive flavor of them all.

The paper is crimped—not pasted—and every Imperiales has a mouth piece that cools the smoke.

If your dealer hasn't Imperiales send us a trial order—no matter how small.

10c for 10

THE JOHN BOLLMAN CO., Mfr.
San Francisco, Cal.



Peerless

All That The Name Implies

1909

Silence Comfort

*Write to-day for our
Catalogue "Q" which
fully describes the 1909
Peerless Models.*



The Peerless Motor Car Co., 2449 Oakdale St., Cleveland, O.

Member A. L. A. M.